CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

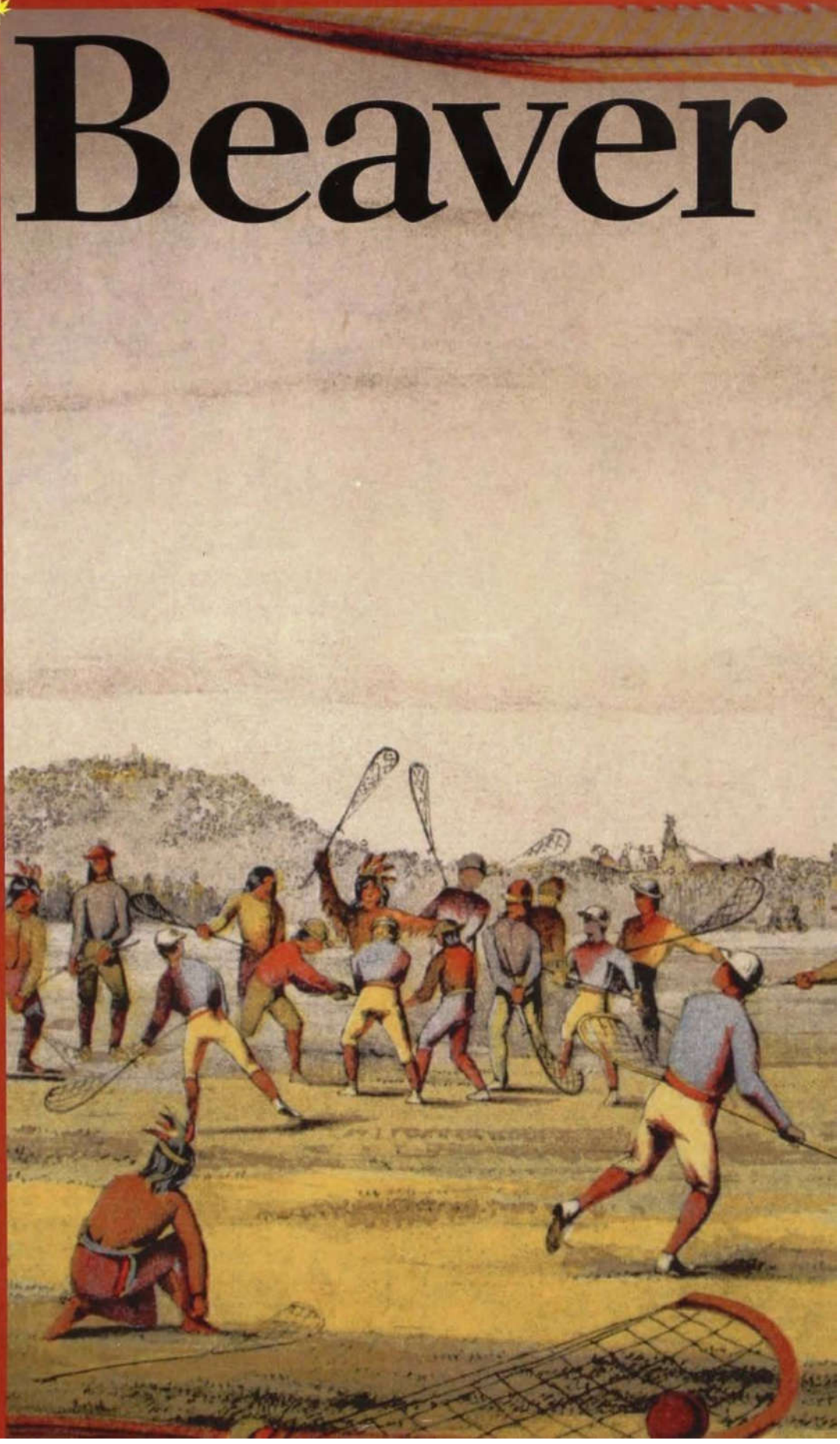
OCTOBER | NOVEMBER 2000 $4.95

Lacrosse: *"Little Brother of War"*

Redeeming Oscar Wilde

Home from War: 1945 vs 1918

Safeguarding Britain's Gold



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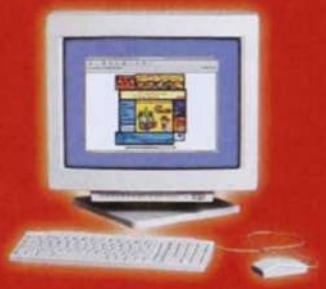

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The Beaver

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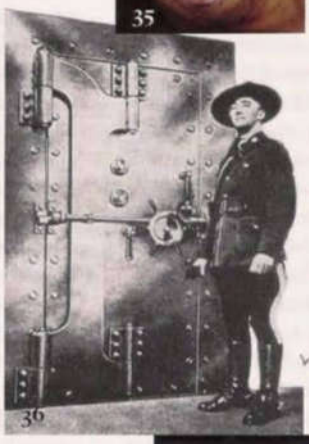

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On the cover: Detail, coloured lithograph, published by W.C. Chewell & Co. Lith., Toronto, undated. Lawrence M. Lande Collection of the Rare Books and Special Collections Division, McGill University Libraries.

Letters

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Dignam a delight

I FOUND YOUR ARTICLE "Mrs. Dignam's Pursuit" [June/July 2000] of particular interest because Mrs. Dignam was the woman who employed my mother to cook when she had meetings of the WAAC at her home. If so, she was a remarkable woman who my mother admired for her intelligence, grace, and wit.

Mother told me of one occasion when Mrs. Dignam had located some fresh strawberries and tomatoes, out of season. For some unexplainable reason, Mother dumped the strawberries into the same pot as the stewing tomatoes. In tears she told her employer, but Mrs. Dignam said cheerily, "Molly, nobody can decide if tomatoes are a fruit or a vegetable. Serve the mixture up and lets see what happens." Nobody complained.

Alex Cross
Gloucester, Ontario

Dignam a dragon

THE ARTICLE ON MARY ELLA DIGNAM is fascinating. However it misleads the reader to a certain extent. Her husband wasn't the only "long-suffering" soul in her life. Her Montreal associates Mrs. James Peck and May Phillips also qualify. These two women founded the Canadian Handicrafts Guild (now the Canadian Guild of Crafts) as a result of increasing difficulties with Mrs. Dignam. These difficulties are impartially and extensively documented in the book *In Good Hands* (1999) by Ellen Easton McLeod.

It seems unfair that after almost a century Mrs. Dignam still wants to take all the credit. However, it does not surprise me.

Dorothy M. Stillwell
Montreal, Quebec

Stop blaming men

JANET BONELLIE STATES that "the numbers (of female artists) were disappointingly low, but this was never due to lack of creativity—rather to the restrictive domestic role imposed on women by the men in their lives." ["Mrs. Dignam's Pursuit," June/July 2000, p. 35]. This is a false and discriminatory statement. For a history publication a more accurate statement might be that some men and some women imposed a restrictive role.

When Janet Bonellie describes Mrs. Dignam's successes she is helping all women, but when she blames men in the lives of female artists she is only adding fuel to the gender wars. Worse, she encourages the *false* view that women were and are restricted by the men in their lives, and thereby gives women an excuse for not performing up to their full potential.

The reality is that we are all restricted by the activities of others; we also benefit enormously from the activities of others.

E.A. Eagle
Mansfield, Ontario

Credit, please

I READ THE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE "A Passage from India" [June/July 2000] with both interest and chagrin. While the authors of written text are usually acknowledged, unfortunately the creators of photographs frequently are not. This is often the fault of repositories that fail to list the photographer in the finding aids. In this case the photographs attributed to the Vancouver Public Library are the work of British Columbia photographer Leonard Frank, whose biography and photographs can be found in my book, *An Enterprising Life: Leonard Frank Photographs 1895–1944* (Talonbooks, 1990).

Cyril E. Leonoff
Vancouver, British Columbia

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From Ancaster to Battleford

Dennis Duffy in his article on the Ancaster Eight [June/July 2000] comments that eight hangings was a lot of punishment for Canada, only surpassed by that of "Louis Riel and eleven native Canadians" who, he states, were hanged in Regina after the North West Rebellion. Indeed there were twelve accused, but three were either reprieved or had their sentences commuted. There were nine executions: Louis Riel in Regina on November 16, 1885, and eight native Canadians nine days later at Battleford.

There is a nice concordance between the events in Ancaster and Battleford. Both were mass hangings and both were public. Rather than eight gallows as at Ancaster, a special scaffold was erected for the eight simultaneous executions at Battleford. I suspect that the crowds that came to witness the executions in 1814 came to a form of public entertainment, whereas the audience in Saskatchewan was composed of Indians who were forced to attend. In the words of the assistant Indian commissioner, "... no sound thrashing having been given them, I think a sight of this sort will cause them to meditate for many a day and besides have ocular demonstration of the fact." The irony is that the majority of those assembled had taken no part in the rebellion and had steadfastly maintained their position of being "loyal till death" to the Queen.

John Bury
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

Raible responds

In response to a recent "Booknotes" column reference to a book of his ["Letters," August/September 2000], Will Ferguson accuses me of being "rather shoddy and unprofessional" and of judging his work "without ever having read it." Oh dear! Ferguson may not like my passing comment on his work, but I assure him that I read all 326 pages (including bibliography, index and, yes, even the back-cover squib). My most difficult task as a book columnist is not reading the books I'm sent, but deciding how much, or even whether, to write about each of them.

Chris Raible
Creemore, Ontario

An alternative assessment

The authors of "Ghost Town: Remembering Pine Point" [April/May 2000] provide an interesting perspective on mining in the Northwest Territories and a good perspective of how Canadian policies have changed over time. However, while the authors correctly point out that the Diavik Diamonds Project promises to provide substantial northern jobs, training, scholarships, and business opportunities, they incorrectly portray the environmental assessment of the project.

The Diavik mine proposal set a new standard for community involvement, never before witnessed in the North. Diavik held over three hundred meetings with local communities to provide them opportunities for input into the project. Diavik engineers and environmental staff made changes to the project design wherever possible to accommodate not just environmental but community concerns. When the government selected the review process, they also asked the communities for input. The Comprehensive Study Review (CSR) process was selected because of aboriginal community concerns over the rigidity of the panel review process. Government customized the CSR for the Diavik project, creating an equal, if not more comprehensive and transparent assessment than that provided by panel reviews. Contrary to the authors' observations that the CSR was lesser than a panel, the CSR involved more community hearings, took much longer, received as much if not more technical review, and as a consequence cost more than a panel process.

The government of Canada approved the Diavik Project after more than eighteen months of review, stating, "Public consultation on the Diavik diamond mine proposal has been extensive ... open and inclusive, valuing public participation." For more information on the Diavik Diamonds Project, visitors can view our website at <www.diavik.com>.

Tom Hoefer
Manager Public Affairs
Diavik Diamond Mines, Inc.
Yellowknife, NWT

Taranto, not Pisa

In the June/July 2000 article by Guy Simser, there appears to be an error on page 12. Mount Vesuvius would be seen on the Rome-Taranto (Naples) leg of the trip, not the Pisa-Rome leg. This error does not detract from the value and interest of the article.

Gerry Glavin
Ottawa, Ontario

Seeking military hospital veterans of WWI

Did you or someone you know serve in the No. 7 Canadian (Queen's University) General Hospital (originally the No. 5 Stationary Hospital) that was mobilized from Kingston during the First World War? The Museum of Health Care for Eastern Ontario is currently researching the history of this unit and welcomes speaking with veterans, their families, or anyone else who may be the lucky proprietors of stories, letters, documents, photos, artifacts, etc. concerning the No. 7 or the Canadian Army Medical Corps. Between 1915 and 1919, the No. 7 Canadian General Hospital was stationed in Cairo, Le Tréport, and Etaples. If your valuables are tucked away in your head, your heart, or your attic, please share them with us. Call, email, or write:

David Kasserra
Museum of Health Care for Eastern Ontario
Ann Baillie Building,
George Street
Kingston, Ontario K7L 2V7
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Tel: (613) 548-2419, Fax: (613) 548-6042, E-mail: museum@kgh.kari.net

Cowper, actually

In the article "Cormack's Quest" [April/May 2000], the author appears to attribute the poem he quoted, which starts "I am monarch of all I survey," to Cormack. In so doing he seems to be ignorant of the poet William Cowper (1731–1800), for those words, together with the rest of the quotation, are the first four lines of Cowper's poem, *The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk*. Since Cormack (1796–1868) was only four years of age when Cowper died, he could not have been the author of those lines.

Tom Wilcox
Lydney, United Kingdom

Currents

You go, girl!

It's a man's world on Parliament Hill. At least it is among the statuary that dots the verdant grounds surrounding the Parliament Buildings, all of which commemorates the accomplishments of the Canadian male of the species. But come October 18, this exclusive bronze (not bronzed) men's club will be toppled by women, five of them, also of a bronze cast. They are Emily Murphy, Louise McKinney, Nellie McClung, Henrietta Muir Edwards, and Irene Parlby, and together they are the Famous Five, who were responsible for the "persons" case, in which on October 18, 1929 women were affirmed as "persons" under the law and subject to the same rights and privileges as men. A statue of the five in a pose reminiscent of the moment they received the good news, sculpted by Alberta artist Barbara Paterson, is scheduled to be unveiled on Parliament Hill as part of a series of events designed to mark the 1929 occasion, which advanced the rights of women not only in Canada but throughout the Commonwealth.

As you will no doubt recall, according to the terms of the 1867 British North America Act and to common law ruling, women were not "persons" who could hold public office as Canadian senators. In 1916, Emily Murphy, the first woman judge in the Commonwealth, and one mightily cheesed off with this bit of sexist nonsense, invited four other distinguished Alberta women to her Edmonton home to challenge the status quo. In 1928, the Supreme Court of Canada unanimously decided women were not "persons." Undaunted, the five appealed to the British Privy Council, the final arbiter. The law lords reversed the decision and called "the exclusion of women from all public offices ... a relic of days more barbarous than ours." And, lo, democracy took another step forward.

JEAN BECQ / FAMOUS 5 FOUNDATION

Ottawa's Famous Five monument will be an identical, though smaller, version of this sculpture, unveiled at Calgary's Olympic Park last fall.

In addition to the unveiling of the sculpture on Parliament Hill this month, tribute to the F5 will include an exhibit at the National Archives of Canada of letters and documents related to the case (October 16), a panel discussion on the case's ramifications at Ottawa's National Archives Auditorium, an interfaith worship service at Christ Church Cathedral (October 17), and a related exhibit to February 2001 at the Canadian Museum of Civilization of Women's Christian Temperance Union banners (three F5 members were members of the WCTU, which fought for women's votes).

The times, they have a'changed on Parliament Hill. At least in the national monuments department.

And on the lighter side ...

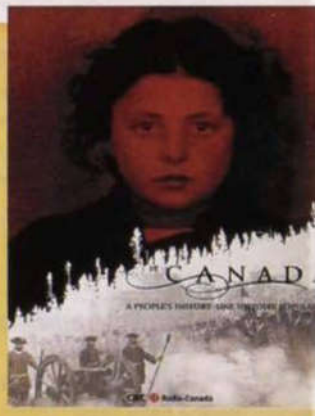
SALTER STREET FILMS

Colin Mochrie as Corporal Entwhistle and Ron James as Blackfly.

Who says Canadian history has to be earnest? That it can't be mined for big yucks?

Okay, medium yucks. Salter Street Films, which brings you such contemporary satire as CBC-TV's *This Hour Has 22 Minutes*, has decided to send up Canada's fur trade era in *Blackfly*, a thirteen-part sitcom series scheduled to begin on Global in early November. The title of the program hints of the content, though Blackfly is, in fact, the name of the hero, a British soldier forced to lead a dangerous expedition into the Canadian wilderness to capture the cunning rogue trapper Moosejaw, who has been stealing furs bound for British forts. There are, as you might expect, wacky sidekicks, comic perils, and hilarious circumstances, as well as a troupe of voyageurs led by a guy named Lucien-Habitant-Pea-Soup-Regardez-Le-Roast-Beef-de-Poutrincourt. The word *broad* comes to mind. Still, we are determined not to prejudge. That would be too earnest.

Canada revisited



You've heard the buzz. Now – here's some more! Scheduled to begin Sunday, October 22 on CBC and continue for eight weeks (then seven more in 2001) is one of the largest television productions ever mounted in this country. It's *Canada: A People's History*. Thirty – count 'em (and you just might have to) – thirty hours of programming that tells the heart-warming tale of a plucky colonial outpost that grows up to be the very best nation the world has ever known (as rated by the United Nations). When we first heard of this mighty project some time back, we thought, oh oh, thirty hours of hokey reenactments with wooden dialogue and bad wigs. Mercifully, we learned that all the dialogue in *A People's History* is taken from the diaries, letters, and writings of ordinary Canadians who lived through the momentous events in question. Granted, much may depend on *how* those writings are delivered by the actors – still, we laud the approach and look forward to the results with keen anticipation.

The source material and the series title, *A People's History*, provide the clue to the approach the creators are taking to this project. While not eschewing entirely a familiar cast that includes Jacques, Samuel de, Sir John A., Louis, and Nellie, the series will concentrate on the less famous in Canada's past – the *habitants*, *voyageurs*, immigrants, workers, and soldiers; the husbands, wives, and children – whose words, as narrated by actors,

This just in!

Flash! Canada's sovereignty in the High Arctic unchanged! Norway marks seventy years of relinquishing claim! War and general unpleasantness averted (again)!

After spending more than twelve months on Ellesmere Island, seven Canadians and Norwegians commemorating the pioneering 1898–1902 expedition of Norwegian explorer Otto Sverdrup have returned home safe in the knowledge that the geopolitical status quo on the northwest fringes of the planet remains pretty much intact.

The members of the Otto Sverdrup Centennial Expedition, which traced some of Sverdrup's 16,000-kilometre Arctic route, spent the past year conducting studies in geophysics and climate change, interacting with school classrooms in Canada and Norway (see <**www.sverdrup2000.org**>), and submitting to observation by the United States space agency, NASA, which, given its interest in sending people to dark, cold, and isolated planets, has an interest in the often dark, often cold, often isolated Arctic.

Sailor and outdoorsman Otto Sverdrup spent four winters a century ago exploring and mapping Ellesmere Island and vicinity. Wherever he went he planted the Norwegian flag and claimed the territories for his king. This put Ottawa's knickers in a knot, because Canada was under the impression it had inherited the Arctic lands from Britain in 1880. As a result, Canadians were sent out to do some of their own Arctic flag-planting, and for a few years a certain peevishness existed between the two nations. Finally, in 1930, Ottawa got out its chequebook, sent Norway a nice little sum that wouldn't go to its head and spoil it rotten, and things have been fine ever since. Though the Arctic has remained largely Norwegian-free for seven decades, Norwegians have been welcome to visit and do useful things such as retrace routes and conduct scientific studies. Just as long as they don't cast covetous glances at its sinuous shores and elegant rocks. The Arctic is ours, after all. We paid for it!

will, it is hoped, lend fresh perspectives to well-known events.

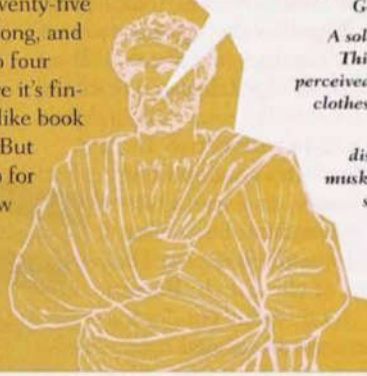
The documentary (perhaps maxiseries is a better word) is certainly ambitious. Seven camera crews and fifteen directors have had to depict 12,000 years of history (though the first 11,500 can probably be handled with some speed) and reconstruct in painstaking detail innumerable pivotal events (Battle of the Plains of Abraham, the Rebellions of 1837, Confederation, and dozens more) and do it with such thrilling narrative thrust and visual panache as to ensure Mr. and Mrs. Canuck do not even *think* about switching over to *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*, while at the same time ensuring academic accuracy so that professional historians do not turn into an angry mob the prime minister might want to have pepper sprayed. Then there's reconciling the contending mythologies of Quebec and the rest of Canada (the production is in both official languages) and reconciling some members of the viewing public to the beleaguered CBC, still reeling from one of its last stabs at interpreting history, *The Valour and the Horror*.

Still, nothing ventured, nothing gained. Other than this very magazine which you are holding in your warm little hands, what besides television has the opportunity to make Canadian history so popular and accessible? If *Canada: A People's History* manages to give Canadians a more enduring passion for their past, it will be a success, well worth the $25 million spent on production – a sum, by the way, that is less, translated into U.S. dollars, than Jim Carrey is paid to star in a single film. And should you somehow manage to be abroad through all this momentousness – during a business trip to Patagonia, say – there's always the stuff when you get back – the companion two-volume book set, the videos, the CD, and so on.

What I did on my summer vacation

It's not Homer, but it's Homeric. And it's part of an epic poem, the creation of Jack Mitchell, a twenty-three-year-old McGill student majoring in classics and history, who believes there's no reason why we can't take our good (and sometimes gray) Canadian history and give it the mythic grandeur that the poets of ancient Greece gave theirs. Are Wolfe and Montcalm not as mythopoeic as Achilles and Hector? Is the Battle of the Plains of Abraham not as splendid as the Battle of Troy? Mitchell thought not, and so began writing in dactylic hexameter his *Iliad*-like work-in-progress *The Plains of Abraham*, about the Seven Years' War. Moreover, he raised his own funds and spent the summer travelling across the country by motorcycle and giving readings for free, in a manner not unlike the ancient Greek *rhapsodes*, itinerant troubadors who recited Homeric verse. Fifty performances later, he's back in his last year of school, but still giving performances around Montreal on request. *The Plains of Abraham* is about twenty-five hundred lines long, and may well run to four thousand before it's finished. Sounds like book material to us. But what will he do for an encore? Now what was the name of Homer's sequel?

But
now the regiments of France were
driven back in headlong rout.
As when the pigeons scatter back, in
Place-des-Armes, at Montreal,
When children chase them to and fro,
delighting in the rush of wings,
And some will settle near at hand,
but most take flight upon the breeze
Just so the regiments of France
were scattered o'er the battlefield.
And last of all there stood alone the
regiment of Roussillon,
Unwilling yet to yield their ground,
surrendering their hearts to fear.
Amid them rode the wise Montcalm,
amid the smoke and blood of war;
He bade them yet to hold their ground
and guard their comrades' retreat.
But as he sat upon his
horse and prayed aloud to
God for aid,
A soldier of the
Thirty-Eighth
perceived his noble
clothes and steed
And then
dispatched a
musketball and
struck him
with the
deadly
lead.



Take the day off

October 20: To observe the 1818 agreement that set the Canada–U.S. border at the forty-ninth parallel. Draw lines.

November 6: To celebrate the 1861 invention of the basketball by Almonte, Ontario-born James Naismith. Shoot hoops.

November 7: To honour the 1885 "last spike" completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Craigellachie. Hammer something nonsentient.

The October Crisis: Singular Anomaly

It's hard to recall the passion and the fury that preceded the October crisis of 1970. Compared to this inflamed political climate, the two referendums on sovereignty of 1980 and 1995 were mere walks in the park.

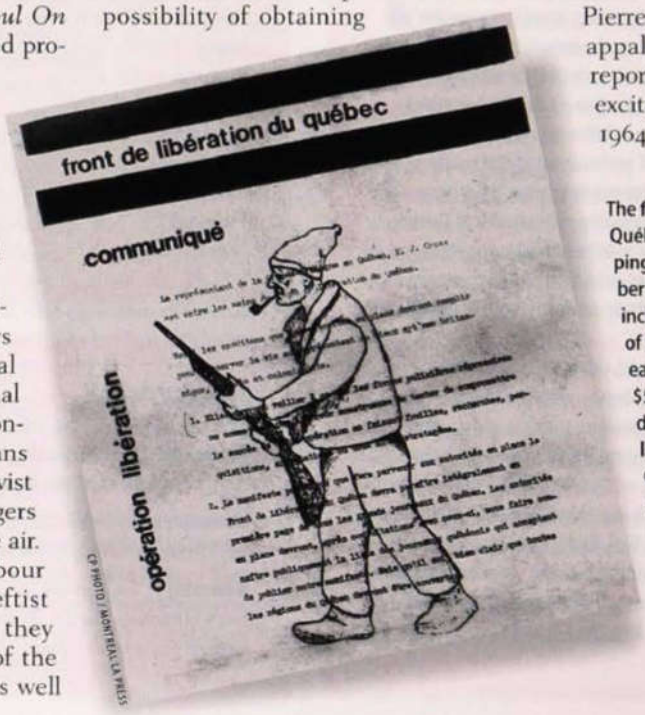
Let's remember the context. A large part of the educated youth of the Western world was swept up by revolutionary ideas. Che Guevara and Mao Zedong were heroic figures who would save the world from the evils of capitalism. Campuses were hotbeds of rebellion and the Vietnam War was still dragging on towards its miserable conclusion. The bloody Algerian war of liberation, not long over, was still an epic tale. Eldridge Cleaver's *Soul On Ice* was a bestseller and so-called progressives didn't object to its theory that it was acceptable for black men to rape white women. Another bestseller, widely read in Quebec, was *The Wretched of the Earth*, Frantz Fanon's classic essay condoning terrorism against colonial rule.

Like baby boomers elsewhere, many young Quebecers were immersed in this political hysteria. And they had additional grounds for revolt. They were convinced that French Canadians were, in the words of writer-activist Pierre Vallières, "the white niggers of America." Violence was in the air.

On campuses, in the labour movement and the media, leftist ideas were not only accepted, they were the political correctness of the time. Around the dinner table as well as at academic conferences, perfectly polite, law-abiding, middle-class people would routinely debate whether armed revolution was necessary for Quebec to gain its independence, considering that change couldn't be brought about by legal means. (Many took this as a fact.) At the end of these heated discussions, most people would end up condemning violence and would go on with their lives – getting married, building a career, buying a house, and so on. But violence was seen as a theoretical possibility. For some unstable personalities or excitable minds, it was even a dream.

Even those who were against political violence were skeptical about the possibility of obtaining sovereignty by democratic means. Six months before the October Crisis, in its first election, the Parti Québécois had won 30 per cent of the vote, but only seven out of 125 seats. It was a "moral victory," people said at the time, but the crushing defeat left many *independentists* bitter and hopeless. Little did they know. No more than six years later, the PQ would form the government after a peaceful, perfectly democratic election campaign.

I was a young reporter covering a tour of then-education minister Guy St-Pierre in the Gaspé Peninsula when the news broke that Great Britain's consul, James Cross, had been abducted from his Westmount home. St-Pierre rushed back to Quebec City, appalled and worried, but the reporters in tow couldn't hide their excitement. Action! Drama! Since 1964, there had been several acts



The first page of the Front de Libération du Québec ransom demand after the kidnapping of British consul James Cross on October 5, 1970. The FLQ had seven demands, including the release and transport abroad of twenty-three "political prisoners" of earlier acts of terrorism and payment of $500,000 "voluntary tax" in gold. The demand note, a harangue against established authority, was read on Radio-Canada, and on October 10, the Quebec minister of justice offered safe passage abroad to the kidnappers in return for the liberation of their hostage. However, the same day, a second FLQ cell kidnapped Quebec minister of labour and immigration, Pierre Laporte. Six days later Ottawa invoked the War Measures Act.

of terrorism by various incarnations of the Front de Libération du Québec, but nothing matched this bold, spectacular hostage-taking.

Suddenly, Quebec was front-page news throughout the world, and hordes of foreign correspondents descended on Montreal. This added to the excitement. It was even more amazing than Charles de Gaulle's famous "vive le Quebec libre" speech in 1967.

We spent the following weeks glued to portable radios. When immigration minister Pierre Laporte was abducted in broad daylight in front of his home on the south shore of Montreal, the tension increased. From one hour to the next, there would be new developments, as various politicians jumped into the melee and activists of various stripes staged public demonstrations in support of the FLQ. It was like watching a play unfold – but nobody really believed that it would end in bloodshed.

When the armed tanks rolled into Montreal, it was not as dramatic as it's now thought to have been. Compared to the tough Montreal cops, the little privates from Moncton and Sudbury looked like teenagers.

Premier Robert Bourassa and his cabinet were in a different mood. They didn't know what to do and were paralyzed with fear. A list of prospective hostages had been found in an FLQ shelter, and it contained the names and addresses of other ministers living on the south shore of Montreal, including St-Pierre. Bourassa, who was only thirty-six and had been in power for less than four months, turned to Ottawa, where at least one man knew what to do. Soon the armed forces were sent in and Parliament reenacted the War Measures Act.

For a large part of the province's chattering classes, Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau was seen as the villain of the play – the rigid, uncompromising politician who wouldn't negotiate with the terrorists even though two lives were at stake (the FLQ's major demand was the liberation of "political prisoners" of earlier acts of terrorism). Still, Trudeau gave in to one demand and allowed the FLQ's manifesto to be read on the CBC television newscast.

With a straight face, anchor Gaétan Montreuil recited the cliché-laden harangue. The text provided a clue about the hostage-takers: they were obviously relatively educated, though unsophisticated, people who had absorbed, but not digested, the revolutionary rhetoric of the times.

Trudeau gave in to another demand of the terrorists when he let Cross's abductors board a plane to seek asylum in Cuba. But by and large, he remained inflexible, taking a leaf from Israel, whose zero-tolerance policy did indeed bring positive results: there hasn't been a single hostage-taking incident on Israeli territory since the infamous attack at Tel Aviv airport, almost four decades ago.

Did Trudeau singlehandedly kill terrorism in Quebec by refusing to give in to the FLQ? The October Crisis indeed marked the end of political violence in Quebec, but this was probably due to a combination of factors, the major one being that violence was actually foreign to Quebec's culture.

When the armed tanks rolled into Montreal, it was not as dramatic as it's now thought to have been. Compared to the tough Montreal cops, the little privates from Moncton and Sudbury looked like teenagers. They couldn't even locate the city's main streets. The biggest threat was that they would shoot passersby by mistake.

As the War Measures Act was being implemented, lists of suspects were hastily drawn up by overexcited politicians and the police. About four hundred people with no link to terrorism – writers, artists, labour activists, and so on – were arrested and spent a few nights in jail, an event that is very small on the world's scale of repression, but one that some of them still vividly remember to this day. The sheer incompetence of the police, who would seize books on Groucho Marx as proof of involvement in revolutionary violence, provided some laughs in a saga that soon took a tragic turn.

The second FLQ cell – those who held Pierre Laporte – was tougher than the first one, and the police were unable to locate its hideaway. The drama intensified, but even then, most people couldn't believe that these young hotheads would kill someone in cold blood. (The two deaths in previous FLQ raids were accidental.)

All of Quebec brutally came down to earth when Laporte's body was found in a car trunk. Until Laporte's death, the hostage-takers could be portrayed as a kind of political Robin Hood – a bunch of dedicated, albeit misguided, militants fighting against "the system." All those people who had previously felt some sympathy for the mysterious "FLQ kids" were swept by a wave of disgust and anger so great that it killed the FLQ forever. Many years later, the abductors of James Cross managed to rebuild their lives in Quebec (one of them is a respectable book publisher), but the members of the cell that killed Laporte are still stigmatized.

Foolish conspiracy theories still circulate in some circles. The Mafia had a hand in Laporte's killing, some say. Others believe that the RCMP willingly botched the police search so that the FLQ would be "forced" to kill their hostage. Another theory is that Laporte was killed accidentally when he panicked and tried to escape. According to the theory, Cross owed his life to his British stiff upper lip and his diplomatic training, while Laporte's emotional behaviour somehow "forced" his jailors to react. Talk about blaming the victim.

Except for those whose lives it broke, the October Crisis has receded into the distant past. It is now seen for what it was: a fleeting upsurge of foolish violence in a fundamentally peaceful history.

Lysiane Gagnon is a political columnist for *La Presse* and the *Globe and Mail*. A winner of two National Newspaper Awards, she was born and lives in Montreal.

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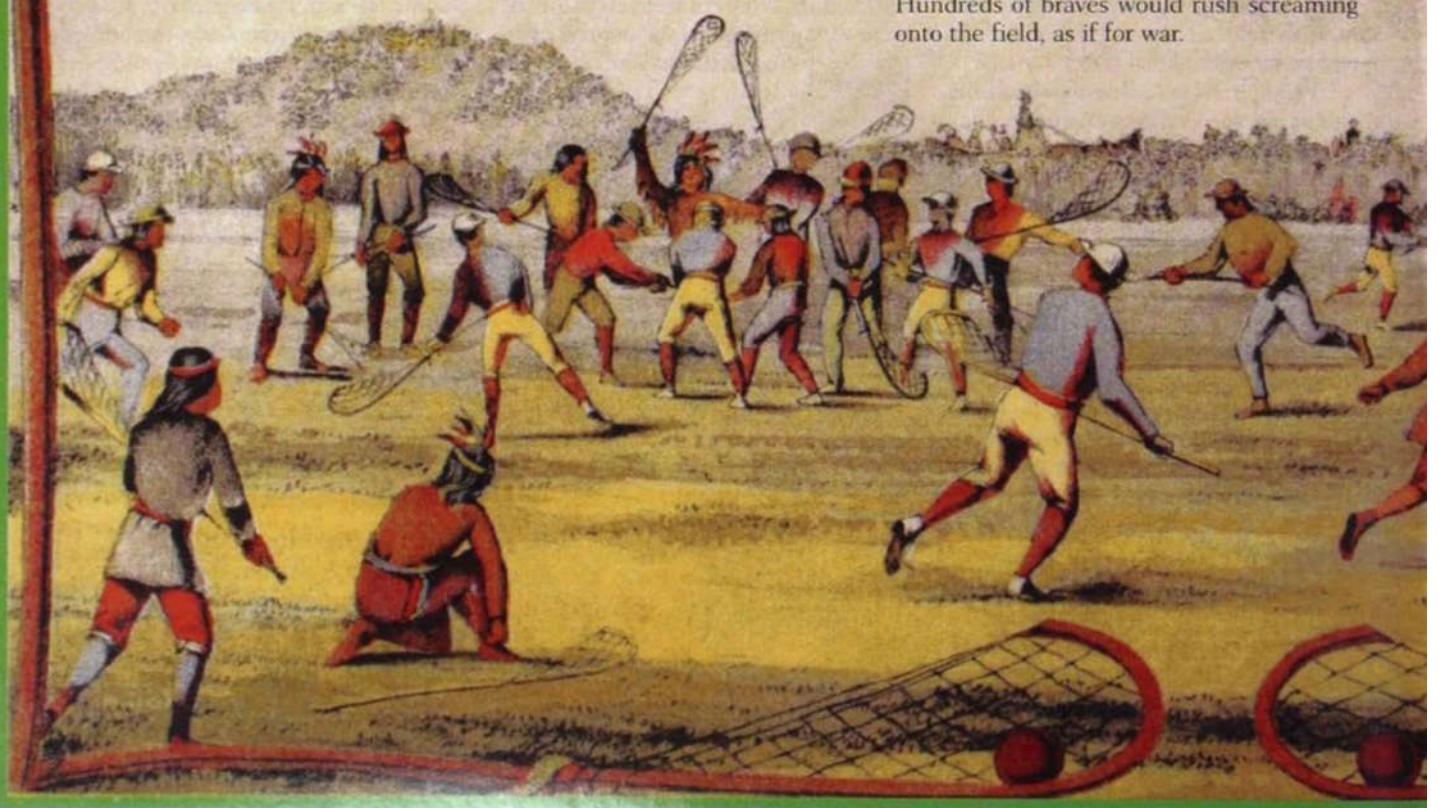
La Cross

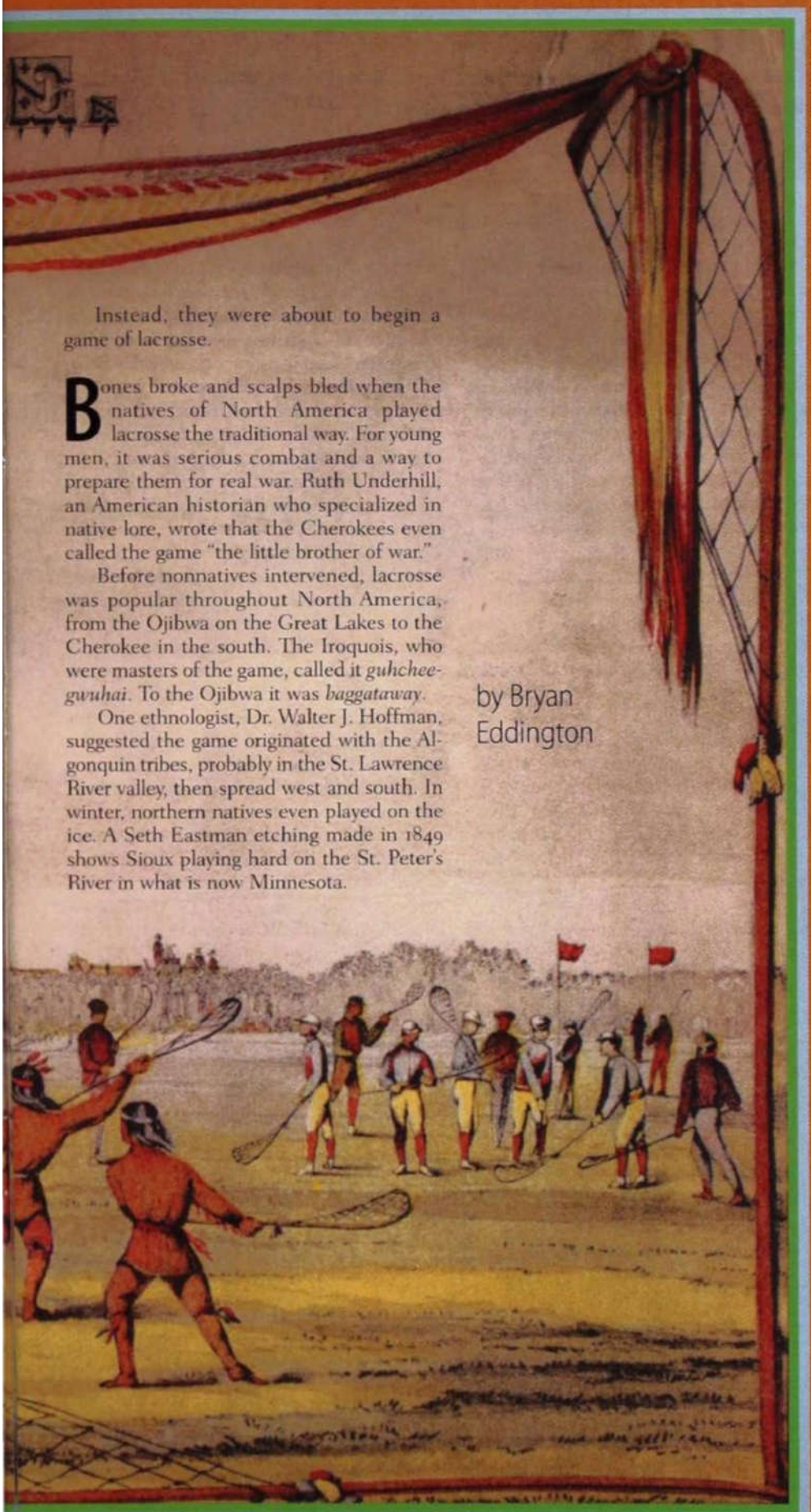
Before hockey became Canada's unofficial official national sport, there was lacrosse. In the late nineteenth century, lacrosse was enormously popular, a vigorous sport for a vigorous new nation. But it was a tea party compared to the way First Nations peoples played it. So furious, intense, and exhilarating was lacrosse native-style, some called it the

Little Brother of War

The young brave strode proudly through the village in all his finery, aware that everyone knew he'd been chosen to represent them. Three months earlier, a match had been arranged to settle a clan dispute, and for the past two weeks, as excitement built, he had eaten little and hardened himself physically. Now he was at his peak.

During the night, a shaman had urged the team into a wild dance. Then, just before sunrise, the young man walked with his teammates from the village into the woods beside the playing field, where he stripped to his breech clout and listened while the shaman spurred them with talk of winning. At dawn a signal would sound. Hundreds of braves would rush screaming onto the field, as if for war.





Instead, they were about to begin a game of lacrosse.

Bones broke and scalps bled when the natives of North America played lacrosse the traditional way. For young men, it was serious combat and a way to prepare them for real war. Ruth Underhill, an American historian who specialized in native lore, wrote that the Cherokees even called the game "the little brother of war."

Before nonnatives intervened, lacrosse was popular throughout North America, from the Ojibwa on the Great Lakes to the Cherokee in the south. The Iroquois, who were masters of the game, called it *guhchee-gwuhai*. To the Ojibwa it was *baggataway*.

One ethnologist, Dr. Walter J. Hoffman, suggested the game originated with the Algonquin tribes, probably in the St. Lawrence River valley, then spread west and south. In winter, northern natives even played on the ice. A Seth Eastman etching made in 1849 shows Sioux playing hard on the St. Peter's River in what is now Minnesota.

by Bryan Eddington

LAWRENCE M. LANDE, COLLECTION OF THE RARE BOOKS AND SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DIVISION, MCGILL UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

The Ojibwa called it baggataway, which referred to the ball. The French called it lacrosse, because the sticks reminded them of a bishop's crozier or crosse. For native people, baggataway had religious significance and served as a training ground for young warriors. There was a spiritual prelude to each game, and matches between tribes could go on for days with participants numbering into the hundreds and goal posts hundreds of metres apart. In the hands of Euro-Canadians, the game was modified and codified. Field lacrosse today is played outdoors on a ground that is 110 by 64 metres, by teams of ten players each. Popular in the decades after Confederation, lacrosse declined in the twentieth century. It was little played in schools; no minor league system was founded to develop young players; and baseball grew to become the preferred summer sport.

When the sun rose on match day, a sudden signal sent all the players pouring onto the field, yelling and grimacing as they would at the start of a battle. ... Once the game had started there was "a glorious clatter and scramble." Players tripped each other, leaped over heads, and darted between legs.

When French settlers saw the game they thought that the sticks looked like bishops' crosiers. To them – and the nonnative players who followed – the game became known as lacrosse. And for many it became a passion.

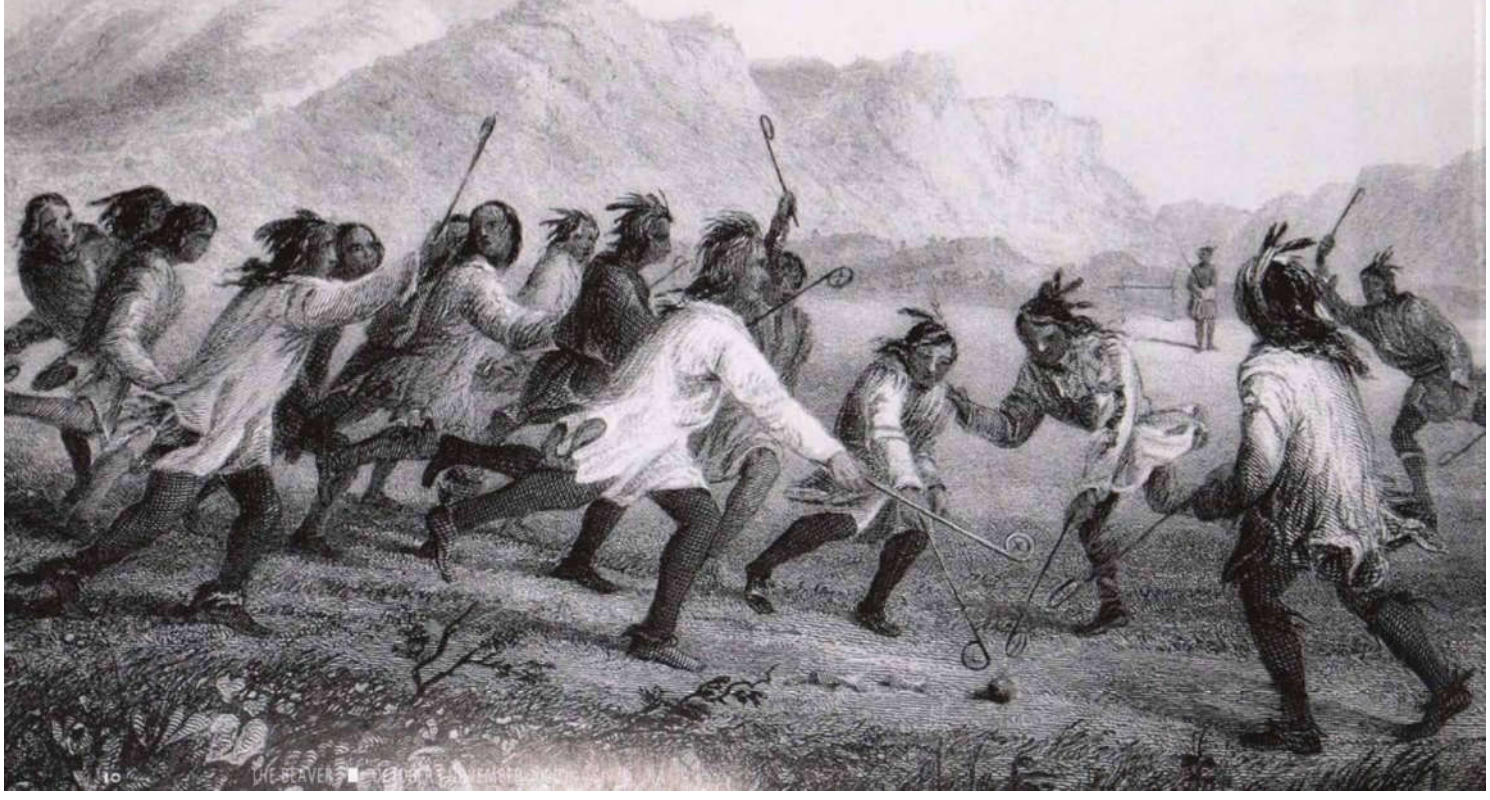
"Never was there an ancient or modern field sport that effectually tried the endurance and agility, and every physical instinct as the original game of Lacrosse," wrote William George Beers, a Montreal dentist who became fanatical about the game in the late nineteenth century and modified it for nonnatives. Having no doubt that lacrosse was just as good combat preparation for nonnatives as for natives, he enthused: "What grand training lacrosse would have been for sword and battle-axe encounter – for splitting helmets from crown to chin – for storming redoubts without fear; in fact, for hand to hand conflict."

During his wanderings across the American west, painter George Catlin often rode a full day just to watch natives competing at lacrosse. "There are times," he wrote, "when the ball gets to the ground ... when [there is] the condensed mass of ball-sticks, shins and bloody noses."

Often, as an alternative to total war, natives would settle a family or clan dispute with a ferocious and freewheeling game of lacrosse. It was winner take all. The games, which could last three days from sunup to sundown, were often arranged months in advance. The players were all carefully selected and tested, and those who formed the final team were heroes. Top players were as honoured as great warriors.

Once selected, they prepared themselves physically, emotionally, and spiritually – as if for battle. Beers writes that for two weeks before an important match, players would shun all excesses. They ate carefully and exercised relentlessly. The Cherokee, for instance, would not eat the flesh of a rabbit because it was a timid animal, or touch a baby because they believed its bones were brittle. During the night before the match, players leaped in an exuberant dance as their spiritual leader called on the Great Spirit to give them victory.

For hours before the match, team members paraded in their best finery while substantial bets were laid. Horses, guns, blankets, and buffalo robes would be freely staked – and sometimes more. "Indians be-



come more interested in the success of one or other of the parties than any crowd at a horse race, and frequently stake their last piece of property on the issue of the game," E.D. Neill wrote in *Dakota Land and Dakota Life* (1872). Then the players retired to the woods where they stripped to breech clouts adorned with tails of horsehair, often decorating themselves with beads and feathers.

Like a modern coach, the shaman of the Cherokee filled his team with courage and confidence, and sometimes even drew a game plan in the sand. Cherokee braves appealed to water for strength, Red Bat for skill in dodging, Red Hawk for keen sight, and Red Rattlesnake to fill their opponents with fear. And, of course, dreaded opponents didn't escape the shaman. He prayed to Black Fog to shroud the opponent so he couldn't see, Black Rattlesnake to coil around him, and Black Spider to wrap his thread around the opponent's soul.

Only then were the teams ready to race onto the field.

Goals might be a single stick that had to be hit by the ball, or two sticks between which the ball had to pass. Sometimes a horizontal stick was placed across the uprights like a modern goal. The field itself could be just a few hundred metres long or it could stretch for nearly two kilometres. If natives were in a settled community, they would have a permanent field. Wanderers, on the other hand, simply cleared a flat but rough area and made convenient rocks or trees their goals. (The modern town of La Crosse in Wisconsin is located on the site of a field where Winnebagos held their matches.) Although every field was limited in length, there were no sidelines. Players raced through spectators and trees with mad assaults on the ball and each other.

"When the ball fell amongst spectators," George Catlin wrote, "the players leaped into them like a whirlwind, with as little regard for their safety as their own, and there was a well-known art among spectators of saving oneself from much tumbling and confusion by embracing the nearest tree and holding on like grim death."

Each team could number several hundred, but it was a firm rule that each team had to have the same number. Shamans, who acted as umpires and game directors, and whose decisions were final, counted to make sure.

According to Beers, the native lacrosse stick was approximately a metre long with a hoop that was either round (in the case of the more northerly nations such as the Ojibwa and Sioux) or oblong (prevalent among southern nations such as the Cherokee and Choctaw). In some cases the strings were made of spruce roots, but deerskin became popular later. As such, decorated with feathers and hair, the lacrosse stick became one of a man's proudest possessions.

Some players were content to use a knot of wood as a ball, but a true ball, made of hide, stuffed with hair, and sewn with sinews, was the more desirable.

When the sun rose on match day, a sudden signal sent all the players pouring onto the field, yelling and grimacing as they would at the start of a battle. The two teams, still screaming, would advance on each other until just a metre apart. Players were counted, and the games director, like a modern boxing referee, would urge fair play.

Rules were few and varied, but one was vital – the ball could not be touched by hand if it fell to the ground. If an eager player didn't scoop it up with his stick, the ball was thrown into the air by an umpire.

Beers recounts that once the game had started there was "a glorious clatter and scramble." Players tripped each other, leaped over heads, and darted between legs. Like modern hockey players, two contestants might drop their sticks and go to it, leaving others to chase after the ball as they fought.

"It is no uncommon occurrence for six or eight hundred or a thousand of these young men, to engage in a game of ball, with five or six times that number of spectators," wrote Catlin. "I pronounce such a scene, with its hundreds of Nature's most beautiful models, denuded, and painted in various colours, running and leaping into the air ... in desperate struggles for the ball, a school for the painter or sculptor equal to any of those which ever inspired the hand of the artist in the Olympian games or the Roman forum.

"I have ... almost dropped from the horse's back, with irresistible laughter at the succession of droll tricks, and kicks and scuffles which ensue, in the almost superhuman struggle for the ball."

Basil Hill, a Montreal spectator, joined others in wondering at the skill and agility of the players. He commented that when one player had the ball "it was not to be supposed he was allowed to proceed straight to the goal or wicket, or even to get near it; but

Ball Play on the Prairie *by Seth Eastman circa 1850*

Lacrosse is thought to have originated with the Algonquin tribes of the St. Lawrence valley. Its spread to other parts of North America may have been facilitated by French and English fur traders opening up trade routes through the continent.

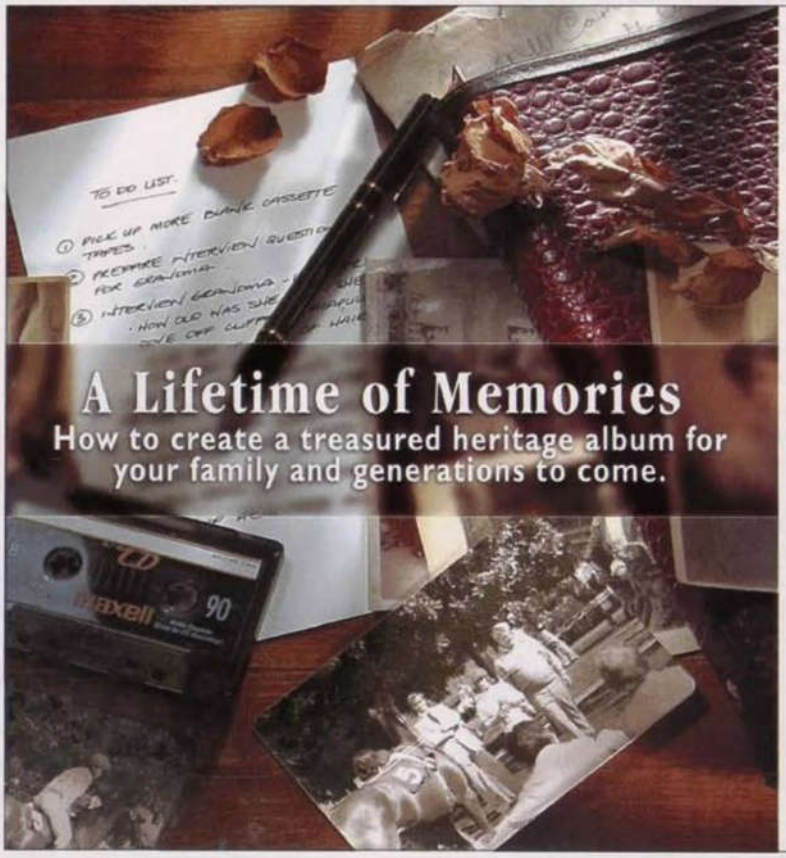
It was almost always a man's game. Women would often run onto the field to present gifts to a skillful player or beat a clumsy one, but their participation was rarely more than that of spectator.

on the contrary, he was obliged in most cases to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees, with thirty or forty swift-footed fellows stretching after or athwart him ... and he ... at full speed, holding his stick as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle."

The games often lasted for three long and strenuous days, starting at sunup and continuing with little rest until sundown. In some cases, more than a hundred individual games would comprise one lacrosse match. It was almost always a man's game. Women would often run onto the field to present gifts to a skillful player or beat a clumsy one, but their participation was rarely more than that of spectator. A Cherokee, for example, would declare his lacrosse stick unfit for more games if a woman touched it. In fact, the penalty could be death for any woman who did so, even accidentally.

Nevertheless there were some tribes in which women were allowed to play, but under carefully controlled conditions. The Passamaquoddy women, for example, played, but men were forbidden to watch. Legend had it that one man who did sneak a look was chased by the women into a lake where he turned into a fish. The Shawnee permitted their women to play and allowed them to touch the ball with their hands. In only a few tribes, such as the Santee Sioux, did both sexes compete in the same game.

For the men, lacrosse on at least two occasions was more than just a way to prepare braves for war. It was a war tactic. Shortly after the 1763 Treaty of Paris, when Pontiac, chief of the Ottawa, had gathered the Huron, Ojibwa, and Potawatomis into a



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loose confederacy, a game of lacrosse was staged outside Fort Detroit, which was occupied by the British. Pontiac hoped the British would be tempted to come outside the fort to enjoy the game and be vulnerable. The British kept the fort gates firmly closed.

Further west on the Great Lakes, at Michilimackinac, the result was quite different. Here, fur trader Alexander Henry warned the fort commander, Captain George Etherington, that the natives were planning to invade and occupy the fort. But, thinking he knew better, the British officer remained friendly with the natives.

The end came on June 4, 1763, the king's official birthday, when celebrations were not only welcomed, but ordered. As part of the festivities, the Ojibwa encouraged the ninety people in the fort to come outside and enjoy watching a wild game of lacrosse. The gates were thrown open and soon half the fort's tenants were watching the game, with many of the fort's thirty-five soldiers lying on the grass, ignoring their weapons.

While the soldiers were intent on the game and cheering their heroes, players moved gradually nearer to them – and to the fort gate. Suddenly women threw open blankets to reveal tomahawks, and the braves grabbed them. They rushed the gate, killing most of the people in the fort. Etherington was one of the few survivors.

Gradually, however, nonnative notions and attitudes began to have an affect on native recreation and culture. "When civilization tamed the manners and habits of the Indian," Beers wrote, "it reflects its modifying influence upon his amusements, and thus was Lacrosse gradually divested of its radical rudeness and brought to a more sober sport. Only a savage people could, would or should play the old game; only such constitutions, such wind and endurance could stand its violence.

"The whites have only ever beaten the Indians because they played on smaller fields than the latter are accustomed to; and there is no doubt but that if the red skins had goals half a mile apart, the whites would seldom, if ever, get a chance to touch the ball.

"The Indian village game was not intellectual enough for the whites, and needed systematizing. ... A sensible, thoroughly civilized people cannot, and should not, play Lacrosse exactly after the manner of the Indians."

And Beers, a leader in instigating change in lacrosse, was just the man to systematize it. He was instrumental in founding the Lacrosse Club of Montreal, March 31, 1860. Five months later a game between nonnatives and natives was played before the Prince of Wales. Baptiste, captain of the Caughnawaga (Kahnawake) team, was accused of picking up the ball just as the nonnatives were about to score. Despite fierce denials, the game was awarded to the nonnatives. Soon other nonnative clubs were organized.

Although the wild brutality of the native game was gone, Beers believed the furious

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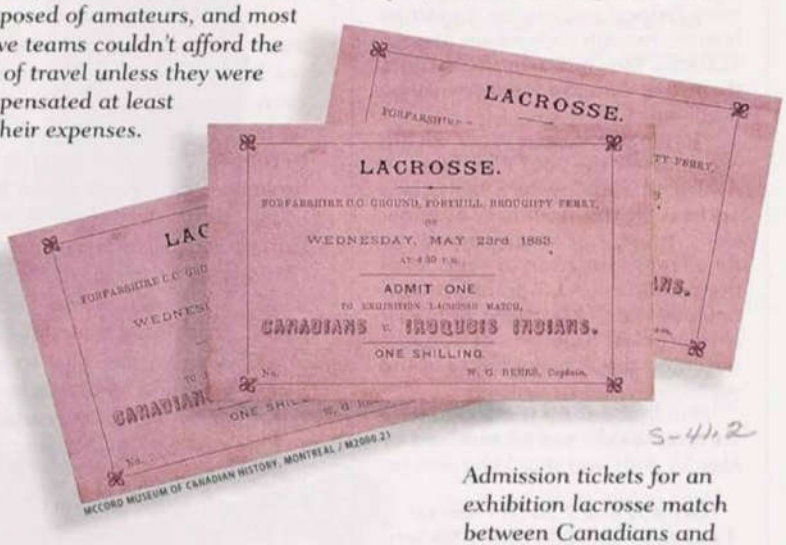
Kahnawake Lacrosse Club, Montreal, 1867. Seven years earlier, the Kahnawake team played for the Prince of Wales, but once the game was organized under the auspices of the National Lacrosse Association, native teams often found themselves excluded. Sports teams were required to be composed of amateurs, and most native teams couldn't afford the cost of travel unless they were compensated at least for their expenses.



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Admission tickets for an exhibition lacrosse match between Canadians and Iroquois at Forthill, England, 1883.

The Pierre Berton Award

Canada's National History Society established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian writer and popular author, Pierre Berton, was the first recipient. Mr. Berton agreed to having his name associated with the award in subsequent years.

In addition to Mr. Berton, other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Quebec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998
(no award 1999)
Peter C. Newman, British Columbia, 2000

Individuals or organizations that have helped popularize Canadian history, through such means as publications, film, radio and television, theatre or volunteer service may be nominated.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2001 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to a name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome.

Nominations for the 2001 Pierre Berton Award must be received by May 25, 2001 and should be sent to:

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Canada's National History Society
478–167 Lombard Avenue
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If you require further information on the Award, please contact the Society at the above address, or

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excitement of the "civilized" game was just as entertaining.

"Gouty old gentlemen forget their big toes in the excitement of watching a struggle for the ball," he wrote. "The faces of crusty bachelors soften into old smiles of their youth. ... Prudes forget their primness; snobs their propriety; old women fearlessly expose themselves to dismantling; young ladies to the demolishment of crinoline and waterfall."

Two native teams played an exhibition game before Queen Victoria in 1866 and by then the game had been so tamed that the Queen thought it was "very pretty to watch."

But, although the brutal excitement of the game had faded, it had not yet been organized. Beers notes that even for nonnative teams there were no regulations for lacrosse. "Impromptu rules were made upon the field, and broken at the first opportunity."

It was Beers himself who drew up firm rules, which were accepted by the National Lacrosse Association of Canada in September 1868. They covered everything from the length of the stick and design of the ball to goals and umpires. Holding of sticks, striking, tripping, pushing, shouldering, or twining the legs to throw an opponent were forbidden. Raising a fist to another player brought a game penalty.

Though the game was now organized, it nevertheless remained demanding, and Beers considered the English particularly well-suited to its rigours.

"It is a fact that her Majesty's subjects, wherever they are to be found, are fonder of real hard work in their amusements than any other people. It is this inherent quality which makes them the best average cricketers, rowers, boxers and fox hunters in the world."

In April 1867, a letter to the Montreal *Daily News* urged that this new game of lacrosse be designated Canada's national game. Beers himself was so impassioned a promoter of the game that his assertion Parliament had declared lacrosse to be so took on a life of its own. That lacrosse is officially recognized as Canada's national sport is a myth; nevertheless, lacrosse was so popular in the late nineteenth century that it was, in effect, the national game. By the end of 1867, the year of Canada's birth, eighty teams were competing.

That lacrosse is officially recognized as Canada's national sport is a myth; nevertheless, lacrosse was so popular in the late nineteenth century that it was, in effect, the national game.

In 1868 teams attempted what was surely the earliest night game. The ball was saturated with turpentine and lit. It quickly fell apart, but not before catching several sticks on fire. The game was over in minutes.

When it came to competition, native teams usually found themselves excluded. Most sports at that time required players to be amateurs, and the majority of native teams couldn't afford to travel to tournaments unless they received at least their expenses in payment.

Some nonnative players might have been glad of the exclusion. Wrote Beers: "A player who has tried his mettle against Indian wind and endurance ... [can] estimate correctly the magnificent physical condition of the aborigine of a century ago."

Not until twenty years after it became Canada's national game were the Iroquois Nationals allowed to join the International Lacrosse Federation. However, by 1900, top players were getting financial inducements to play for a particular team, and businesses were sponsoring clubs. Today, although it may be tame by earlier native standards, lacrosse continues to be strongly identified with Canada. As Beers wrote, "If the Republic of Greece was indebted to the Olympian games; if England has cause to bless the name of cricket; so may Canada be proud of Lacrosse." ◼

Bryan Eddington is a Thunder Bay writer with a special interest in early Canadian history.

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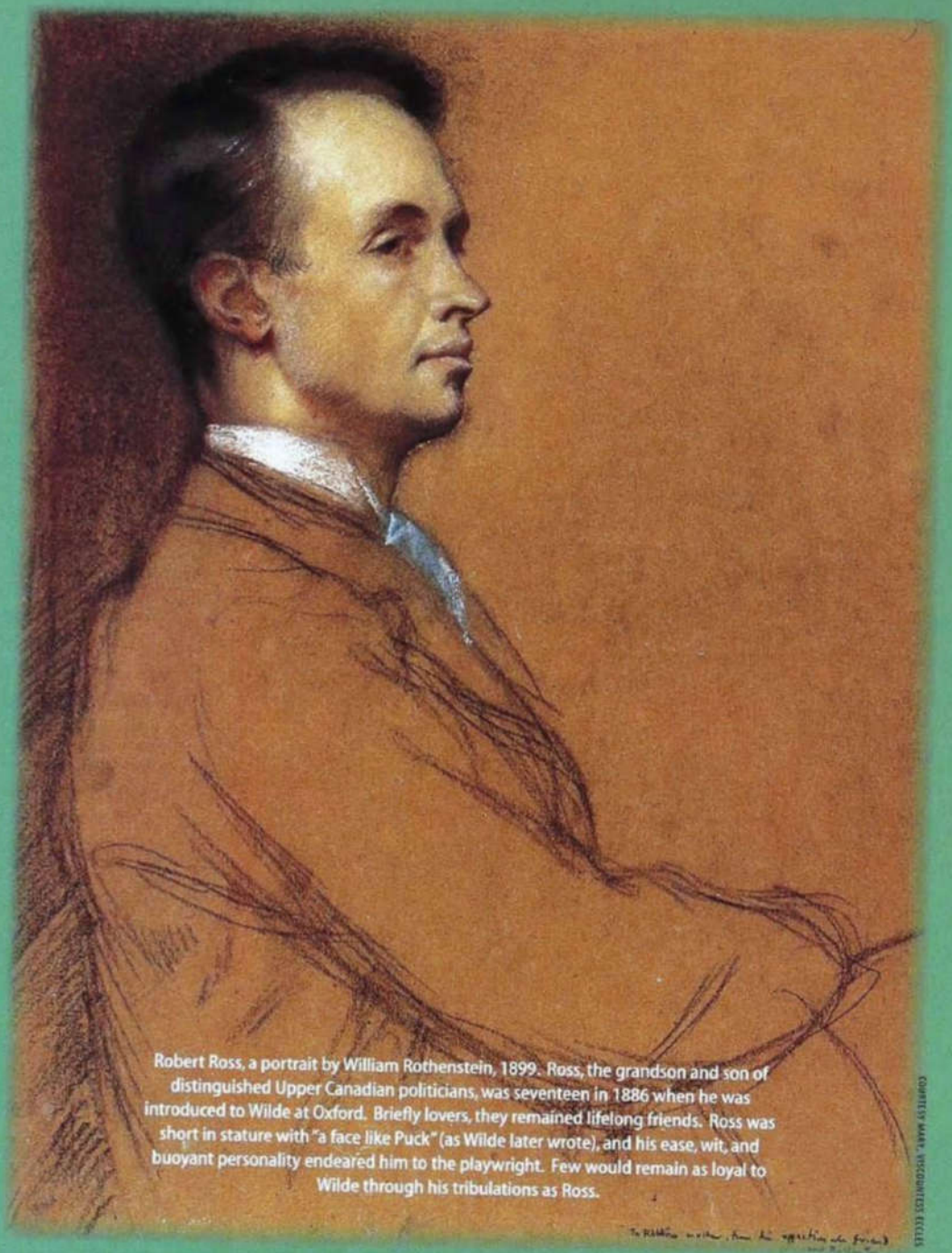


Robert Ross, a portrait by William Rothenstein, 1899. Ross, the grandson and son of distinguished Upper Canadian politicians, was seventeen in 1886 when he was introduced to Wilde at Oxford. Briefly lovers, they remained lifelong friends. Ross was short in stature with "a face like Puck" (as Wilde later wrote), and his ease, wit, and buoyant personality endeared him to the playwright. Few would remain as loyal to Wilde through his tribulations as Ross.

COURTESY MARY, VISCOUNTESS ECCLES

Oscar and Constance Wilde moved into 16 Tite Street, Chelsea in January 1885, six months after their marriage. Their home for the next ten years, the Tite Street address (now 34) also served briefly as Ross's home, where he lived as a "paying guest" or boarder.

JANET GONELLE

Janet Bonellie

A Portrait of Robert Ross

Oscar Wilde died in disgrace a century ago, his reputation ruined by a sex scandal. His literary lustre, too, was tarnished, but one man, an earnest Canadian, revived Wilde's reputation and ensured that his plays, which had once captivated London, would come to captivate the world.

On December 3, 1900, Oscar Wilde – who would later be called the greatest wit and dramatist of the nineteenth century – was buried at Bagneux, France. There were three principal mourners – Lord Alfred Douglas, Reginald Turner, and a man who had proven, and would continue to prove, to be Wilde's closest and most devoted friend.

His name was Robert Baldwin Ross.

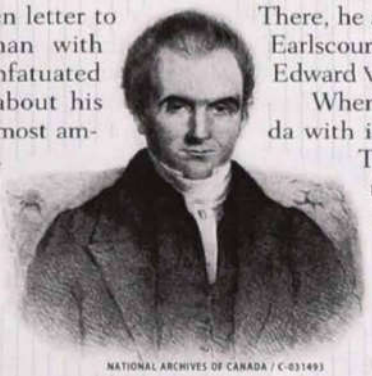
The child of a privileged Toronto family, he was the grandson of Robert Baldwin, appointed solicitor general of Upper Canada in 1840 and prime minister in 1848, and the son of John Ross, who was appointed solicitor general for Canada West in 1851.

Within two decades of Wilde's death, Robert Baldwin Ross himself would be dead, but during that period he devoted his life to putting Wilde's plays back on the stage, his books back in the shops, and his royalties into the hands of creditors to clear his bankruptcy debts. He also arranged the posthumous publication of *De Profundis*, Wilde's epic, open letter to Douglas, the young man with whom he had become infatuated and who had brought about his downfall. Finally, Ross's most ambitious undertaking was to move his friend's remains from their insignificant suburban gravesite to a prestigious position among his cultural peers at Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris.

Thanks to Ross, the man ostracized by British society for his sexual conduct regained his reputation as a literary genius.

Robert Baldwin Ross was born to John and Eliza Ross in France, May 26, 1869, the youngest of four boys and three girls. Four years earlier, his parents had travelled to France from Toronto, where they had taken residence in Tours. Eliza, who was in poor health, found the climate of central France idyllic, and John, who had business interests in England, was able to commute across the Channel. An Irish lawyer, John had married Eliza in 1851 in Toronto's St. James Cathedral, served as solicitor general, and had become a respected advisor to the British financial community. Though his legal practice had been in Belleville, Ontario, he had moved to Toronto at his wife's insistence when his father-in-law's health began to deteriorate. There, he and Eliza built an estate called Earlscourt, where they were once host to Edward VII, then Prince of Wales.

When the Rosses returned to Canada with infant Robert, they reentered Toronto society, but their pleasure in its social life was short-lived. In 1871 John Ross died. In his will, he specified that



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Above: Robert Baldwin, prime minister of Upper Canada in 1848, and Robert Ross's maternal grandfather. Ross's mother, Eliza, was Baldwin's only child. Baldwin, born in 1804, fell in love with his fourteen-year-old cousin Augusta Elizabeth and waited until she was grown before marrying her. It was, by Victorian standards, a passionate marriage, but a brief one. Augusta Elizabeth (Eliza) died in childbirth. Her daughter and namesake grew up in privileged Toronto circles and married a man who, like her father, distinguished himself in Upper Canada's government.

his children be educated in England. Eliza sold Earlscourt and crossed the Atlantic once again, installing her brood in Phillimore Gardens, a fashionable London thoroughfare just west of Kensington Palace.

The Rosses were well aware of Oscar Wilde. A household name in the columns of London newspapers, Wilde also had links with many of Eliza's Canadian friends and relatives. The Irish playwright and social arbiter was acquainted with Canada's fourth governor general, the Marquis of Lorne, his wife Princess Louise, his sister Lady Frances Balfour, and his sister-in-law Lady Archibald Campbell. (During Wilde's tenure as editor of *The Woman's World*, "Lady Archie" was one of the first people he contacted to be a contributor.)

Wilde had visited Ottawa during his 1882 North American lecture tour, and though disappointed not to be received at Rideau Hall – Princess Louise was in London and her husband occupied with state business – he was wined and dined by private citizens. Among them was painter Frances Richards, who was a close friend of the Ross household. Richards painted a portrait of Robert and his eldest brother, Alexander, and also produced a portrait of Wilde himself. (It has been said that Wilde remarked how unfair it was that the image would remain young while he grew old, predicting the plot for his only novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.) When Frances first visited the U.K., she arrived bearing a letter of introduction from Wilde to artist James McNeill Whistler, whose complex relationship with Wilde led to years of printed exchanges in London periodicals. Whistler was a companion of Lady Archibald, who, in turn was a friend of James Rennell Rodd, one of Wilde's literary protégés. Rodd's book of poems, *Songs in the South*, published in 1880, was inscribed with a dedication to Wilde. Relationships were tangled.

Young Ross grew up hearing of Wilde's celebrity. When he was seventeen and preparing for entrance exams for King's College, Cambridge, with an Oxford tutor, he was introduced to Wilde, who, as a graduate of Magdalene College, Oxford, was visiting his old school. The teenaged Ross was thrilled to meet the writer. He was already an admirer and had endured a beating at school rather than give up reading Wilde's florid poetry. He also imitated Wilde's shoulder-length hairstyle, which was part of the image of the aesthetic movement that Wilde championed.

Ross admired Wilde's talent and charm. Wilde found Ross trustworthy and a witty conversationalist. But the test of their friendship was to come.

Ross's own literary interests came early. At Cambridge, he cofounded a student magazine called *The Gadfly*. He also wrote for *Granta*, a journal that enjoys a high-profile existence to this day. At the end of his first year, Ross told his mother that he was homosexual and would make no secret of it. Eliza was horrified. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885 had made acts of "gross indecency" between males punishable by up to two years imprisonment "with or without hard labour." Alexander, who had been named Robert's guardian, promptly cut off his younger brother's funding at Cambridge, and Robert fled to their paternal grandparents' home in Scotland where he received a more tolerant welcome. He joined the Edinburgh-based publication *The Scots Observer* as a journalist and later managed a private art gallery. However, like many young men who wanted to be at the epicentre of Victorian life, Robert finally returned to London to pursue a career as an art critic. He headed for Chelsea.

Originally a riverside hamlet famous for its flower-filled gardens, Chelsea had merged with the capital and become a developer's dream. By the time Robert arrived, it was *the* fashionable address for London bohemians. Oscar Wilde lived at 16 Tite Street (now renumbered 34); his mother Lady Wilde, who wrote poetry under the pen name Speranza, lived on Oakley Street. Close neighbours included designer Edward Godwin (who decorated Wilde's home after his marriage to Constance Lloyd), actress Ellen Terry, who became Godwin's second wife, James Whistler, and Frances Richards, who maintained a studio just round the corner from the Godwins. The smart addresses of Chelsea's artists and writers provided the social tapestry of Ross's adult life.

According to *The Wilde Album*, written by Merlin Holland, Wilde's grandson, Ross became a "paying guest" in the Tite Street household. This was probably a short-term arrangement until the young man gained a foothold in the city.

Publisher and journalist Frank Harris, sympathetic friend of Wilde's (despite being, according to his memoirs, a rampant lady-killer), once asked the writer who had seduced him. Said Wilde, "It was little Robbie!" Later, Ross denied a physical encounter but added ingenuously that, had it taken place, "I wouldn't have minded." Reginald Turner, barrister-turned-author of lightweight novels, claimed to have been told a similar story: Ross introduced Wilde to same-sex relations, but not much happened between them.

In any event, what physical involvement there may have been between Ross and Wilde disappeared as quickly as it came, and they settled into a platonic friendship that lasted for the rest of the author's life. We can picture long lunches at the Café Royal, companionable visits to the Royal Academy of Art, exchanged dinner invitations, complimentary theatre tickets, and family evenings at the Tite Street household (now increased by two sons – Cyril and Vyvyan). In *De Profundis*, Wilde mentions – recollecting years of profligate disregard for money – that the nicest supper he ever had was with Robert in a Soho cafe with a "fixed price" meal of a few shillings.

Ross admired Wilde's talent and charm. Wilde found Ross trustworthy and a witty conversationalist. (The fact that he was a member of a prominent Canadian family didn't hurt.) The two men enjoyed each other's company and, not least, a shared Irish heritage in an English society. Nothing was at stake.

But the test of their friendship was to come.

Much has been written about Oscar Wilde's trials. In brief, the author was besotted by the friendship of Lord Alfred Douglas, son of the Marquis of Queensberry. When Queensberry accused Wilde of corrupting his son in 1895, Wilde took him to court for slander, but lost, withdrawing the charge when defence witnesses proved damaging. Wilde was then tried under the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885, but a mistrial was declared when the jury couldn't agree on a verdict. A subsequent trial found him guilty. These were followed by another, less-publicized court appearance for bankruptcy.

During this time, Ross's loyalty was stretched to its limit. He had referred Wilde to his own solicitor, Charles Humphreys, and must have felt greatly embarrassed when it turned out the playwright had lied to both of them. Ross was not naive. He was well aware of Wilde's relationship with Douglas, but the seamier stuff of the trials – male brothels, teenaged boys in hotel rooms – had unnerved him.

Following the collapse of the suit against Queensberry, he joined Wilde at the Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, until police arrived with a warrant for Wilde's arrest. The court itself, in a burst of feeling that the whole thing had got out of hand, postponed the arrest to allow Wilde time to catch a boat train out of the country. Ross begged his friend to take advantage of the delay, but he wouldn't budge. (His attitude would later be blamed on Irish fatalism and a masochistic urge to watch his own destruction.) Wilde was taken to Bow Street Police Station.

Ross hired a cab and travelled to Tite Street to apprise Constance and gather Wilde's clothes. Arriving at Bow Street, he was refused entry. The prisoner was prohibited from receiving personal effects. Ross returned once more to Tite Street where the butler broke the lock on the study door. (By this time Constance and her children had fled to relatives, correctly surmising that the house would shortly be under siege.) He stripped the study of all personal papers, but he had neither time nor resources to pack the room's splendid collection of first editions, books autographed by all the great English and French writers of the period. These disappeared during the bailiff's auction of Wilde's family property.

At this point Ross had crossed the city four times in a single day through heavy, horse-driven traffic. He was devastated. Tired and helpless, he went home to his mother. Eliza Ross had never stopped caring for her youngest child, and she pleaded with him, after he had had a decent meal and a good night's sleep, to leave the country himself. Hundreds of "effeminate" London gentlemen were suddenly taking off for Calais, she told him. Ross wasn't happy deserting his friend, but Eliza promised to contribute £500 towards Wilde's legal expenses if Robert took her advice. That day she sent him off to France, breathing a sigh of relief.

Eliza had good cause to worry. Robert's name had popped up in several newspaper

Oscar Wilde, circa 1892 (below). Wilde, born in Dublin in 1854, was at the height of his powers in the early 1890s, producing within a few years his novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, and, in quick succession, the four plays that consolidated his reputation, *Lady Windermere's Fan*, *A Woman of No Importance*, *An Ideal Husband*, and *The Importance of Being Earnest*. The last play, when published in 1899, was dedicated to Robert Ross. To Ross, who praised the play, Wilde – by then released from jail and living cheerlessly on the Continent – wrote: "There are two ways of disliking my plays. One is to dislike them, the other is to like *Earnest*. To prove to posterity what a bad critic you are I shall dedicate the play to you."

Sloane Square (in the background), the commercial heart of Chelsea, circa 1890. The road through the buildings (centre) leads to Tite Street and Wilde's residence. It was here that Wilde and Ross walked every day to take the bus or underground to their respective jobs – Wilde to his in Fleet Street as editor of *The Woman's World*, a new publication dedicated to women's cultural and intellectual pursuits; Ross to his as art critic for various publications.

accounts documenting Wilde's activities. As a result, some of London's most prestigious clubs had revoked his membership, and a number of influential friends had broken off relations.

Ross stayed in France over the next year, returning to London whenever he felt duty called. Wilde's emotionally trying bankruptcy was one such occasion. The playwright's court appearance in September 1895 culminated with an itemized account of personal expenses throughout his association with Douglas. It appeared Wilde had squandered more than £3,500 entertaining his aristocratic friend. Rented vacation homes, trips to Europe and North Africa, gifts of jewellery, and the ever-present bottles of vintage champagne at the Café Royal were humiliating reminders of a life led to excess.

As Wilde was taken from his hearing, Ross – who had waited for hours in the corridors of the courthouse – stepped out from the jeering crowd and solemnly tipped his hat to his friend. "Men," said Wilde later, "have gone to heaven for less."

Wilde begged Ross for news of his sons. Constance had settled in Europe and changed the boys' surname to Holland (a family name from the Lloyd side of the marriage). Ross did manage to obtain two photographs of Cyril and Vyvyan taken in Heidelberg. He also found some letters they had written to their father before the fatal year of his trial and imprisonment.

Wilde spent two years in jail. Released in 1897, he spent the last three years of his life on the Continent. When he died in Paris November 30, 1900, he left no will. He had no money to leave. But there remained the legacy of his literary accomplishments, among them his plays, *Lady Windermere's Fan, An Ideal Husband, The Importance of Being Earnest, A Woman of No Importance*; his novel, *The Picture of Dorian Gray*; and his poetry, including *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Constance had died in 1898; Wilde's sons were too young to handle their father's estate; and his brother William too ineffectual. Ross took it upon himself to seek official approval for his own appointment as the writer's literary executor. It took courage – during those first years following the funeral England was still loath to handle Wilde material – but he achieved his aim, and negotiated translations throughout continental Europe.

The German edition of Wilde's work included an introduction Ross wrote himself. He also dedicated various publications to supporters he thought Wilde would have wanted to recognize, and arranged an American production of the play *Salomé*, starring Maud Allen, while Britain was still legally bound to prohibit biblical characters on stage.

In 1907, when Helen Carew of Hans Place, London, learned that Wilde's youngest son Vyvyan was back in England, she invited him to dinner. Ross dedicated the first, shortened version of *De Profundis* to Carew because it was she who pledged money for the final gravesite in Père Lachaise Cemetery, as well as for the monument by sculptor Jacob Epstein that identifies it.

Following that pleasant evening, she arranged a second dinner that included Ross, Reginald Turner, and writer and caricaturist Max Beerbohm. It was the first time in twelve years that Ross had seen Vyvyan and the first time the son had spoken with three of his father's oldest friends. In his own autobiography, *Son of Oscar Wilde*, Holland says that from the moment he met Ross he knew he had a true friend.

Ross introduced Vyvyan to a number of Wilde's contemporaries so the young man might form a more positive view of his father's talent and personality. One friend was Ada Leverson, whom Wilde called "the Sphinx." When virtually every hotel in London refused Wilde lodgings, Ada had welcomed him as a houseguest. Another introduction was made to Adela Schuster, a woman who didn't know Wilde well but gave £1,000 towards his legal defence simply because she loved his work. Robert knew Wilde regretted never having thanked Schuster, so he dedicated *The Duchess of Padua* to her when the play was printed in the first collected edition in 1908.

When Vyvyan turned twenty-one, not a single member of his extended family acknowledged his coming of age. However, Ross orchestrated a birthday party at his own home, 15 Vicarage Gardens, Kensington, which he shared with his companion, trans-

COMING IN DECEMBER | JANUARY

The Beaver

December 25, 1900

Christmas across Canada a hundred years ago was remarkably similar to Christmas today. It was also remarkably different.

BY DAVID GOSS

The State of the Game

A century of change has diminished Canada's hockey dominance. Can hockey remain Canada's passion?

BY KEN DRYDEN

A Private War

In the early seventeenth century, two men vied to rule Acadia. What started as a quarrel soon turned into a battle royal.

BY ANDRÉ PELCHAT

lator More Adey. The fourteen guests included Adey, Reginald Turner, American expatriate Henry James, writer Ronald Firbank—and Vyvyan's elder brother Cyril, whose feelings toward his father were less generous than Vyvyan's. (Cyril never married and died in action during World War I).

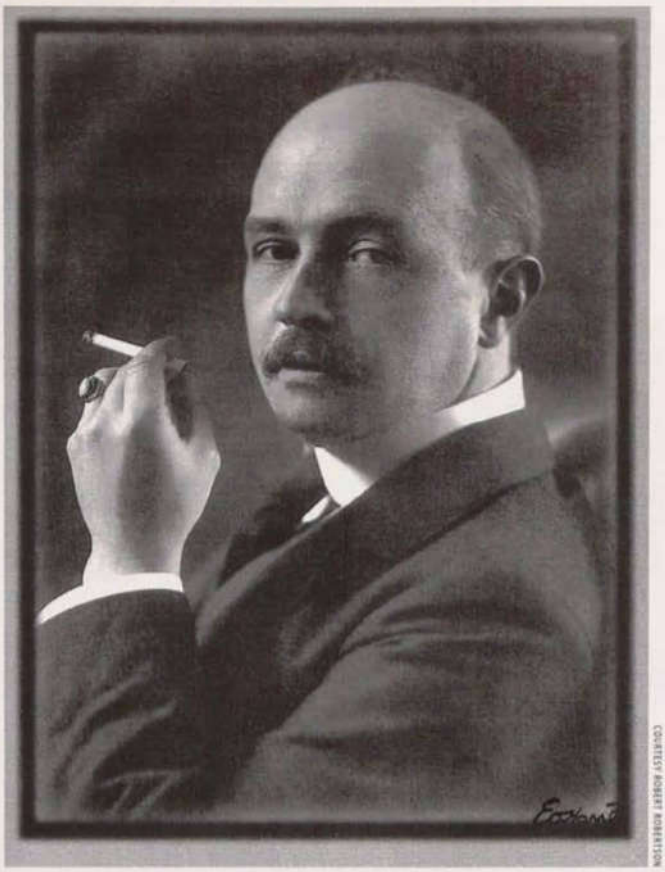
On December 1, 1908, a magnificent dinner with more than a hundred and sixty guests was given for Robert Ross. Having laboured to become Wilde's executor, extracting royalties from every production company in Europe, he finally achieved his goal—the English publication of Wilde's complete works in fourteen volumes. The evening was a tremendous honour and included virtually every famous author in England. The following year, Ross took Vyvyan with him to attend the removal of Wilde's remains from Bagneux to Père Lachaise. He had ordered a custom-built coffin, but due to French red tape it could not be used. The coffin provided was plain oak with a plaque on the lid that read "Oscard Wilde." When Ross saw the extraneous 'd', he had an uncharacteristic tantrum and only calmed down when the undertaker removed the letter. He was also shaken when Wilde's remains were exposed during the exchange of coffins. Ross had requested lime to speed up deterioration. In fact, a preservative had been used.

Throughout his life spent salvaging Wilde's career, Ross still had to earn a living. He was a director of the Carfax Gallery in London, art critic for *The Morning Post*, and trustee for the Tate Gallery. He was also an advisor to several overseas galleries.

He was a generous man. When he was given a testimonial dinner to raise funds for litigation expenses generated by Lord Alfred Douglas's continually harassing him, he paid his own bills and directed the money to a Robert Ross Memorial Prize at the Slade School of Fine Art. More than three hundred people subscribed, led by George Bernard Shaw. The Ross Memorial Prize is still presented at the Slade's graduation ceremonies. (Cash value is £135, a small amount by today's standards, but a welcome gift when one could subsist on £200 a year.)

Ross was never a great businessman, nor a significant figure in the art world, but he had a solid career and made many friends. Author Sheridan Morley says Ross was "a born personal assistant," a second-in-command. He was polite and soft-spoken, known for a sense of humour and lack of vanity. Neither was he famous. It was only through his father's dying wish and his mother's emigration that he met Wilde, and crossed paths with the most outstanding talents of the nineteenth century—Aubrey Beardsley, Max Beerbohm, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Sarah Bernhardt, Stella Patrick Campbell, André Gide, Lily Langtry, John Singer Sargent, George Bernard Shaw, Algernon Swinburne, Ellen Terry, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, Paul Verlaine, James Whistler, and Émile Zola. His was fame by association. Simply being a gentleman was the mark he made on history.

Ross died suddenly, on October 5, 1918, at age forty-nine, probably from a heart attack. In his will, Ross requested that he be cremated and interred in Wilde's gravesite. This did not sit well with his next-of-kin. Eliza Baldwin Ross had died in 1905 and the siblings were never close to their brother, so it was not until 1950, the fiftieth anniversary of Wilde's death—the same year London County Council voted to place a commemorative plaque on Wilde's Tite Street home—that Ross's ashes were buried at Père Lachaise.



COURTESY ROBERT ROBERTSON

Robert Ross in 1916, two years before his death at age forty-nine. The pose draws attention to a silver ring on Ross's left hand set with a carved stone Egyptian scarab. Coincidentally, Oscar Wilde is often described as wearing such a ring, which suggests that Ross may have retained the original after the playwright's death.

Janet Bonellie is a Toronto freelance journalist. A former feature writer for *The Globe and Mail*, she is a regular contributor to trade and consumer publications in both Canada and the U.K.

In 1945, soldiers returning from World War II eased into civilian life with the full beneficence of the Canadian state. For their fathers after World War I, it had been a very different story indeed.

by Jonathan F. Vance

Aftermath

Before dawn on a Sunday morning in March 1919, the RMS *Adriatic* drew towards Halifax Harbour, its rails lined with men of the 42nd Battalion. One soldier who braved the cold to catch a first glimpse of Canada was an infantryman named Will Bird. A native of Nova Scotia, Bird had enlisted in October 1916 and served in the frontlines almost continuously for the last two years of the war. As the lights of Halifax appeared out of the gloom, he pondered what lay ahead: "We were entering a cold sea, facing the dark, the unknown we could not escape. ... The watchers stirred. My throat tightened. Waves of emotion seized me, held me. Every man had tensed, craned forward, yet no one spoke. It was the moment for which we had lived, which we had dreamed, visioned, pictured a thousand times. It held us now so enthralled, so full of feeling that we could not find utterance. A million thrills ran through me. Far ahead, faint, but growing brighter, we had glimpsed the first lights of *Home*."

Once the *Adriatic* docked, the soldiers formed up and marched down the gangway, to a cacophony of factory whistles, church bells, and brass bands. Ahead lay the real homecoming celebration, in Montreal, where tens of thousands of people packed the Champs de Mars and Berri Street, waving flags, throwing flowers, and cheering themselves hoarse. The battalion marched through the din towards the Peel Street armouries, then, after a few final formalities, took the command to dismiss. There were handshakes and tearful reunions with loved ones. Some of the men dashed back into the street to join the party. Others lingered awkwardly in the armouries, unsure what to do next.

In countless other Canadian towns, similar scenes were enacted in 1919. There were parades through the streets, welcome receptions, the presentation of gifts, and then the men said goodbye to their comrades and became civilians again. Most were probably uncertain what life would hold for them. Bird was fortunate; he would parlay his wartime experiences into a successful writing career, but others would not be so lucky. They would find postwar Canada a cold and unfriendly place, where the accolades were soon forgotten and where an ex-soldier was frequently regarded as an inconvenience. For many of Canada's veterans, the peace was to be a bitter disappointment. Ironically, that bitterness would bear fruit a generation later, when another Canadian army returned from war. They would come home to a very different Canada, to the land fit for heroes that their fathers had been promised.

It had never been easy to be an ex-soldier. Before 1914, there were few rewards for service, and pensions for the common soldier never offered sufficient compensation for a debilitating wound. Once a soldier was discharged, he was expected to make his own way, not look to his government for assistance. His sole reward was often the only thing that Canada had in abundance – land. However, even land grants were intended primarily to achieve other goals. Soldier-settlers became central to the defences of New France and Upper and Lower Canada, with members of disbanded regiments being settled in strategic locations as bulwarks against invasion. Few people believed that governments should provide for discharged soldiers; instead, it was assumed that they should continue to serve even out of uniform.

This policy continued after Confederation, but again expanding settlement was more important than rewarding ex-soldiers. Veterans of the Fenian Raids, the rebellions of 1870 and 1885, and the Boer War were granted land by successive governments, but instead of ensuring that the frontiers were peopled with reliable and patriotic soldier-settlers, the grants produced speculation of the worst sort. A quarter section of unbroken land was of little use to the ex-soldier who had lost a leg in battle or who

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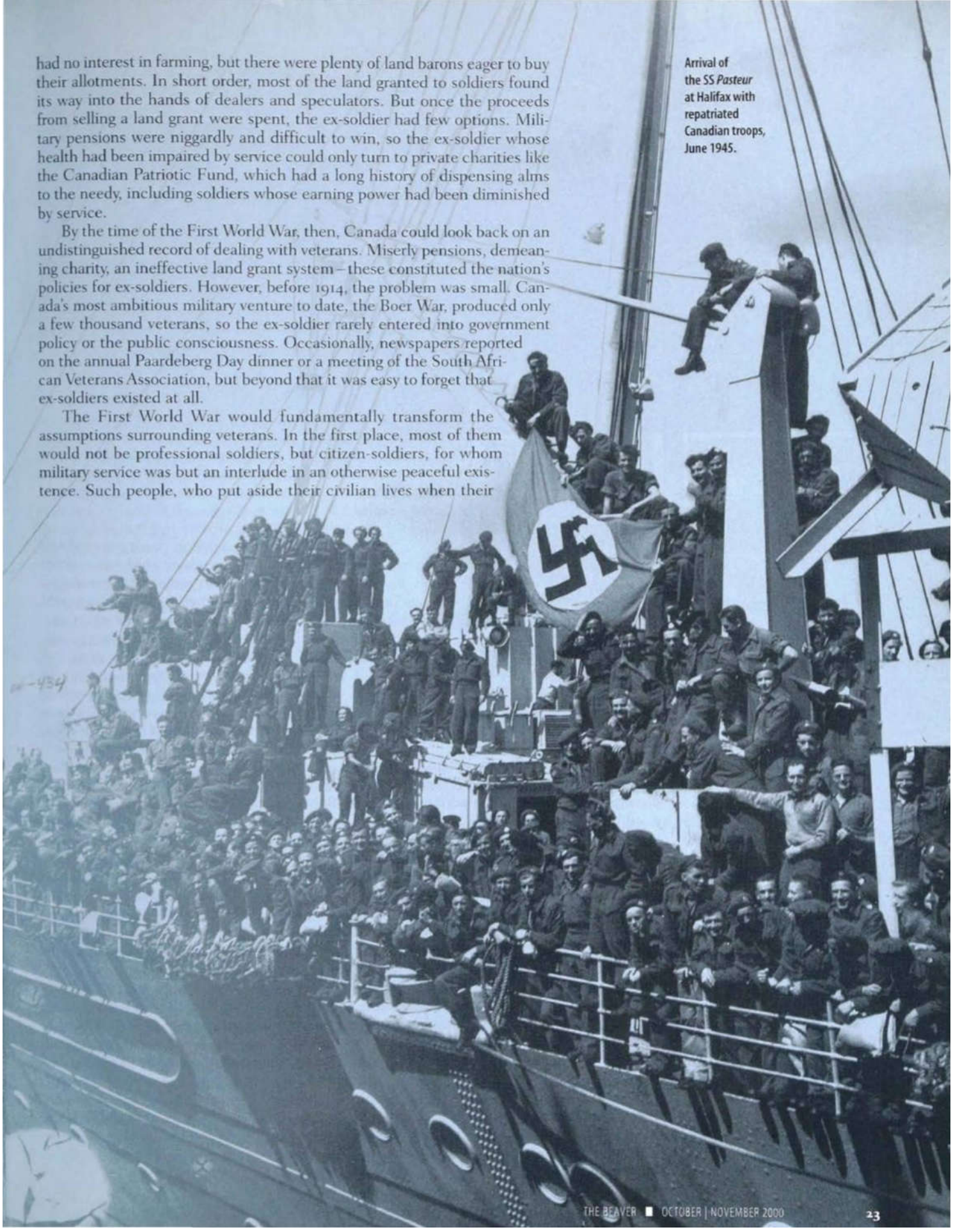
had no interest in farming, but there were plenty of land barons eager to buy their allotments. In short order, most of the land granted to soldiers found its way into the hands of dealers and speculators. But once the proceeds from selling a land grant were spent, the ex-soldier had few options. Military pensions were niggardly and difficult to win, so the ex-soldier whose health had been impaired by service could only turn to private charities like the Canadian Patriotic Fund, which had a long history of dispensing alms to the needy, including soldiers whose earning power had been diminished by service.

By the time of the First World War, then, Canada could look back on an undistinguished record of dealing with veterans. Miserly pensions, demeaning charity, an ineffective land grant system – these constituted the nation's policies for ex-soldiers. However, before 1914, the problem was small. Canada's most ambitious military venture to date, the Boer War, produced only a few thousand veterans, so the ex-soldier rarely entered into government policy or the public consciousness. Occasionally, newspapers reported on the annual Paardeberg Day dinner or a meeting of the South African Veterans Association, but beyond that it was easy to forget that ex-soldiers existed at all.

The First World War would fundamentally transform the assumptions surrounding veterans. In the first place, most of them would not be professional soldiers, but citizen-soldiers, for whom military service was but an interlude in an otherwise peaceful existence. Such people, who put aside their civilian lives when their



Arrival of the SS *Pasteur* at Halifax with repatriated Canadian troops, June 1945.

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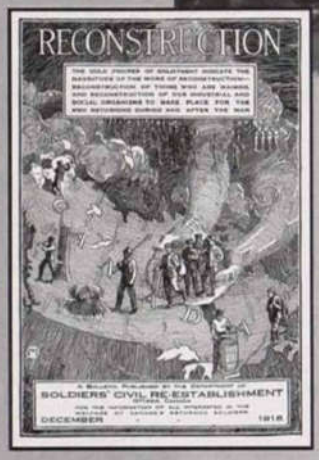

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Despite its recognition of the need for organized reconstruction, Ottawa's programs for ex-servicemen in the wake of World War I were often ill-conceived or poorly managed. Only a minority of men were accepted for retraining; pensions were few and ungenerous; and land resettlement proved less than successful. As the country sank into economic depression, the government's attitude toward ex-soldiers hardened.

country called, would demand more consideration than the man who took up soldiering as a career. More importantly, there would be far more veterans around. The heady days of 1914 saw sixty thousand keen young men join the colours. They would be followed by 560,000 more, most of whom would eventually return to civilian life. What would be done to compensate them for their service? And what of those who came back damaged in body or mind?

The matter became urgent in 1915, when the first casualties from the Battle of Ypres reached Canada. The number of shattered bodies and ravaged minds returning home made it clear that things could not be left to private charity. Instead, the government created the Military Hospitals Commission in June 1915 to care for all those whose health had been impaired by service. The MHC found itself running a string of hospitals, sanatoria, and asylums, all filled with sick and damaged soldiers. The commission's watchword was *retraining*, and it did have some notable successes. But there were also many who would spend the rest of their lives in institutions.

But it soon became clear that the disabled veteran would be in the minority; most ex-soldiers would return to Canada showing few outward signs of the privations of service. Canada's leaders were vague about what would be done for these men, but they left little doubt that the able-bodied veteran would become a valued member of postwar society. As Prime Minister Robert Borden told Canadian troops before they went into action at Vimy Ridge in April 1917, "You need have no fear that the Government and the Country will fail to show just appreciation of your service to the Country and Empire ... no man, whether he goes back or whether he remains in Flanders, will have just cause to reproach the Government for having broken with the men who won and the men who died." Many soldiers were impressed by Borden's pledge, and by predictions that veterans would have pride of place in postwar Canada. A grateful nation would discharge its debt to the men who fought to defend liberty, Christianity, and western civilization.

With these visions swirling in his head, Private Johnny Canuck stepped off the troopship in 1919, proud of his accomplishments at the front and confident of the

Until World War II, Canada's treatment of its war veterans was miserly. Before the twentieth century, however, Canada was little engaged in conflict. Ex-soldiers, most of them career military, were few and their problems largely ignored. World War I, however, brought mass mobilization to Canada for the first time. Veterans became numerous, but the old attitudes prevailed. After the parades and bunting, ex-servicemen were left by and large to fend for themselves. Some, such as these unemployed veterans in Toronto, expressed their discontent by marching in protest. Others sank into nostalgia.

Once the parades and banquets were over, the new veteran was left with his uniform and tin hat, a $35 clothing allowance, and a negligible War Service Gratuity. For everything else, he was on his own.

future. By this time, the MHC had been replaced by the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, with a much broader mandate. For the returning soldier, the arrangements were impressive. Effusive civilians, deputized by citizens' committees in the major port cities, bustled through the ships, passing out food, cigarettes, and local newspapers, helping soldiers send telegrams to loved ones, and arranging shipboard entertainment while the debarkation process was arranged. Once ashore, the soldiers were bundled onto trains for the last leg of the journey, to the homecoming they had dreamed of for so long.

But once the parades and banquets were over, the new veteran was left with his uniform and tin hat, a $35 clothing allowance, and a negligible War Service Gratuity. For everything else, he was on his own. It wasn't long before the returned man realized precisely what that meant. Rhetoric that made good patriotic sense in 1917 made bad economic sense in 1919, and the government showed no inclination to be the guardians of ex-soldiers in the chilly economic climate of the postwar depression. The nation was willing to help veterans to their feet, but was not prepared to do much to ensure that they remained standing.

Most of the programs developed by Ottawa, though well intentioned, were ill-conceived or mismanaged. The MHC, and its successor the DSCR, made extensive use of propaganda, but its sunny progress reports often failed to tell the whole story. It claimed that over 90 percent of disabled veterans completed their vocational training courses, but failed to mention that over 80 percent of ex-soldiers who applied for those courses were rejected. Even those who finished their training sometimes discovered that DSCR schools were held in such low regard that employers refused to accept their qualifications. Many wounded veterans found the members of the Bureau of Pension Commissioners to be excessively legalistic, focusing on the explicit application of pension regulations; there was no such thing as the benefit of the doubt going to the claimant. Only 5 percent of applicants were awarded full pensions; nearly 80 percent received less than half the maximum pension amount, which was not especially generous in any case.

There was another attempt to transform soldiers into farmers (with appropriate safeguards against the scourge of the speculator), but the Soldier Settlement Act of 1919 never lived up to its promise. It put twenty-five thousand returned men on farmsteads and brought 2.1 million acres of land into production, but it soon became clear that the scheme was doomed. Much of the land was marginal and isolated, and would have challenged the skills of the most capable homesteader. For many inexperienced soldier-farmers, it was simply too much. They might make a go of it while commodity prices remained high, but the collapse of the wheat market in the early 1920s, coupled with drought and higher prices for equipment, pushed many to the brink. With debts mounting and little prospect of relief (even after the revaluation of their holdings), many soldier-settlers simply could not go on. By 1924, a quarter of them had left their farms, and by 1931, when the Soldier Settlement Board was finally abolished, fewer than half of the original twenty-five thousand remained on the land.

Discontented with government programs, veterans tried to flex their collective muscle and become the potent political force that many people had predicted they would be. The largest group was the Great War Veterans' Association, established in April 1917 by bringing together 147 separate organizations. Initially its efforts were devoted to improving hospital care for wounded soldiers, but increasingly it turned its attentions towards the able-bodied veteran. Determined to force the government to make good on wartime promises, the GWVA girded itself for battle. Membership exploded, growing tenfold within a few months after the war's end, and it looked as though the government would have a fight on its hands.

But the show of strength was illusory. The GWVA had assumed that veterans could speak with one voice, but in fact ex-soldiers were deeply divided, largely over the bonus issue. Radical veterans groups believed that a war gratuity, which would pay every ex-soldier up to $2,000, would discharge the nation's debt and solve the problems of able-bodied veterans. The GWVA and other moderates believed that this amount was unreasonable, but their moderation did not appeal to many veterans, who deserted the GWVA as quickly as they had joined it. Leaders pleaded for unity and succeeded in convincing the majority of ex-soldiers to support the formation of the Canadian Legion in 1925, but by then it was already too late. The failure of the bonus campaign convinced the government that veterans, as a lobby group, posed no real threat. Veterans continued to besiege Ottawa with complaints, but it became customary to fob them off with a polite hearing and a promise of a parliamentary committee. Successive federal governments tossed a few scraps to ex-soldiers, but they were mostly left to fend for themselves.

And so increasingly, veterans turned inwards. With few tangible benefits of service coming their way, they found refuge in the comradeship that was their most cherished legacy of the war. More and more, they celebrated their collective past and the things that distinguished them from the rest of society. Their publications were filled with arcane

The second generation of ex-soldiers could see around them the tangible benefits of their war ... they had indeed fought to build a better Canada, and the government had lived up to its pledges.

details and grisly in-jokes, which could only be of interest to the ex-soldier. Their meetings included rituals, like the toast to the fallen, which implicitly excluded non-veterans. They mounted pilgrimages to the Western Front, where they could relive their best days of the war and revisit some of their favourite haunts. And they held monster reunions, like the huge Canadian Corps reunion in Toronto in 1934, which brought together a hundred thousand veterans to celebrate everything that set them apart from the rest of society. The strong appeal of such activities was apparent in the growth of veterans' organizations in the 1930s. The Canadian Legion alone counted 175,000 members in 1938; thousands of other returned men and women belonged to battalion associations or other nonaffiliated bodies. Estimates vary, but perhaps as many as two-thirds of Canada's ex-soldiers belonged to veterans' groups in the interwar years.

The reason for the popularity of these organizations is clear. Soldiers had been promised a land fit for heroes, but they returned to Canada to find that the people who had prospered most were those who had stayed at home. Spurned by their government, which had promised so much during the war but delivered so little afterwards, ex-soldiers realized that they would never guide the nation's course in the way they believed they should. So they withdrew into the comfort and security of nostalgia. As the 1930s drew to a close and another war loomed, many ex-soldiers found the past to be a welcome respite from a world where the returned man was forced, as Will Bird put it, "to plead hopelessly with soul-less powers who renege their promises made, who grind these broken veterans to starvation, shame and suicide."

Mackenzie King probably had ambivalent attitudes towards ex-soldiers. On the one hand, he may have wished he could be one himself, for he continually had to defend himself against charges that, by not enlisting in 1914, he had failed his country in its time of need. On the other hand, as a witness to the fractious politics of the immediate postwar years, he was intimately aware of the discontent of veterans (although as prime minister in the interwar years he did little to address it). King knew that veterans, had they been able to form a united front, could indeed have wielded enough power to bow down any government. When the country went to war again in 1939, he was determined that things would be different. If any prime minister learned from history, it was Mackenzie King, and here, history gave him all the lessons he wanted. No veteran (read voter), he concluded, should feel like Bird; none should have cause to criticize the government for failing to do right by them.

Even before the first contingent of Canadian troops sailed for England, the King government began planning its programs for veterans, and in October 1940 it struck the General Advisory Committee on Demobilization and Rehabilitation. Significantly, many of its members were ex-soldiers, a move calculated to avoid criticism of past practice, when veterans' programs had largely been run by bureaucrats or patronage appointees. In October 1941, the government announced its Post-Discharge Re-Establishment Order, which promised what Great War veterans had long demanded: more generous pensions, a war bonus, job guarantees, free university education, vocational training for all veterans (not just the disabled), and a host of other benefits.

But still soldiers remained leery. King was never very popular with the armed forces, and surveys and censorship reports revealed that, despite the generous promises, many soldiers did not trust the prime minister to treat them fairly after the war. The only answer was to sweeten the pot by announcing improvements to the benefits. Training allowances would be boosted by almost 50 percent over the 1941 plan. A life insurance scheme was added. Projections on the number of soldier-settlers who might benefit under the 1942 Veterans' Land Act quadrupled. And phalanxes of government employees, armed with leaflets and brochures, were sent overseas to explain the programs at Canadian bases, hospitals, and leave centres. Civilian repatriation committees sprang up across Canada to help veterans find work or housing, explain the intricacies of the programs, and provide support to families experiencing the strains of reunion after years of separation. Significantly, much of this effort was devoted to the psychological well-being of ex-soldiers and their families, something that was virtually ignored after the Great War. The effects of prolonged mental strain (later to be dubbed posttraumatic stress disorder) were imperfectly understood in the 1940s, but at least it was recognized that even the healthiest-looking soldier bore some psychological scars of battle.

The average soldier's homecoming in 1945 was not unlike that enjoyed by his predecessor in 1919. There were parades and banquets, emotional reunions and awkward moments, and the thanks of a grateful nation, but things really started to change after the final order to dismiss. Instead of leaving with a uniform, a tin hat, and a few dollars for incidentals, the new veteran in 1945 began civilian life with a month's pay, a war bonus of up to $15 for each month spent overseas, $100 for clothing, another $100 for gallantry medals (an average of $700 in total), and a range of choices that would not have been available without the war. He was given reestablishment credits that could be used to enter the Canadian Vocational Training scheme or get a university education, once available only to the elite few. He might get a small-business loan or, if he could convince the government that he had the skills, buy a farm. If he already had a trade, he had priority under the National Employment Service, which would help him find a job. If nothing came up immediately, he could collect unemployment insurance

Right: Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King inspecting a guard of honour from the Régiment de la Chaudiere at the 1 Division Sports Day, Redhill, England, on July 1, 1941. Realizing a repeat of the fractious post–World War I politics would be dangerous, King set about legislating the array of programs and benefits that honoured the sacrifice of servicemen and ensured domestic calm in the wake of World War II.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA155440

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Centre, left: At the end of World War II, demobilized soldiers were eligible for a host of benefits to help them, as the sign in the picture says, "back to civvy street." Employment counselling was one, as were guarantees to education, training, hospital treatment, insurance, civil-service job preference, allowances and loans, and pensions and land settlement.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-049434

Centre, right: Ottawa's attitude toward returning veterans was markedly different in World War II than it was in World War I, as this poster attests.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM / A19720121-2127

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Below: B.E. Strauth and his wife work on the subflooring of their self-built house near Windsor, Ontario, under the Veterans' Land Act program. Under the act, passed in 1942, ex-servicemen could purchase land or construct their own homes with the help of government loans. Before the loans program was terminated in 1977, more than 140,000 ex-servicemen sought assistance.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA-197738

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benefits to avoid using up his savings. He could even buy a trim, attractive house at a mortgage payment of about $20 a month.

A wounded veteran could go before the Canadian Pension Commission, which would determine his eligibility. Most of the commissioners were ex-soldiers, too, and although the payments were not particularly generous, they were supplemented by extensive rehabilitation and job placement services, and free health care for life for any pensionable injury. This was made possible by the great expansion in veterans' hospital space, from fifteen hundred beds in 1939 to seventeen thousand in 1946. And at any stage of the process, the ex-soldier could talk to a Department of Veterans Affairs' counsellor, who could be relied upon to lend a sympathetic ear. Over half of the DVA workers were, after all, veterans themselves.

There are many ways to assess the success of these programs, which collectively have become known as the Veterans Charter. One way is to look at the fortunes of the Canadian Legion. In 1945, the legion had over a million potential new members, but had difficulty signing them up. In 1954, the membership was only 190,000, and even then, two-thirds were veterans of the Great War. Members would start to join in the 1970s, but even allowing for organizations not formally affiliated with the legion, Second World War veterans have never joined the organized veteran movement in the same proportions as their forebears did. Nor did the post-1945 movement have the same character as its prewar counterpart. Veterans of the Second World War never had the same sense of grievance that moved their predecessors to organize and which ultimately drove them inwards. On the contrary, the second generation of ex-soldiers could see around them the tangible benefits of their war. It was clear to them that they had indeed fought to build a better Canada, and that the government had lived up to its pledges. Satisfied with the nation that its members had helped to build, the legion turned outwards, transforming itself into a community service organization, quite unlike its interwar predecessor. It remains the primary lobby group for veterans, but has also played a significant role in support of youth, seniors, and organized sport. This commitment to the community is perhaps the clearest proof that, with the veterans of 1945, Canada finally got things right.

By the time Will Bird's son joined the North Nova Scotia Highlanders in 1941, Canada's veteran policy was largely in place. Unlike his father, Stephen Bird could look forward to a wide range of benefits, each of which acknowledged the nation's debt and the personal sacrifices made. Sadly, Stephen Bird never had the chance to become a veteran; on July 8, 1944, he was killed in action in Normandy. But he and the hundred thousand other Canadians who died in Canada's wars of the twentieth century were as much a part of the veteran world as those who came home. The survivors never forgot the bond that tied them to the fallen, nor did they forget that it was their sacrifice that made possible the land fit for heroes.

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The Guibord Affair

by Robert Stewart

Bishop Ignace Bourget of Montreal was very fond of Rome, so much so that he visited it eight times in an age of slow and uncomfortable sea travel. He was so caught up in the aura of the Holy City that he insisted on building the new cathedral in his home diocese as a replica of St. Peter's rather than following the usual Gothic style of church architecture in Quebec. Bourget was an ultramontane who believed that Roman Catholics everywhere must look "beyond the mountains" to Rome for guidance in both spiritual and temporal matters. In the 1860s, with the papal states falling like dominoes to Garibaldi's Italian nationalists, he recruited a force of more than five hundred Quebec volunteers, known as Zouaves, to defend Pope Pius IX's worldly interests. He was ceremoniously greeted by a Quebec Zouave detachment when he arrived in Rome in the autumn of 1869 to attend a Vatican Council

In the 1870s, conflict between liberals and the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec converged on the dead body of printer Joseph Guibord. The Church refused him burial in consecrated ground. Critics were outraged. Six years of bitter quarrelling followed. The last laugh went to the Church. But victory, in the end, was Pyrrhic.

On November 16, 1875, six years after Joseph Guibord died, his body was taken from the Protestant Mount Royal Cemetery and buried at Côtes des Neiges Cemetery, the Roman Catholic graveyard. The reinterment was attended by over a thousand militiamen and regular soldiers, with the mayor of Montreal leading the procession.

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Joseph Guibord (above) might have passed unremarked into history, but he happened to be an avowed liberal at a time when liberalism was regarded as the vanguard of progressive thought. He was a founding member and vice president of the Institut Canadien, established in 1844 as a literary and scientific society, which sponsored innovative discussions, maintained a library of books that included those proscribed by the Church, and was allied with the *Rouges* political party whose members stood for separation of church and state. The Church, led by Bishop Ignace Bourget of Montreal, considered the Institut to be anathema.

scheduled to discuss papal infallibility.

The pope's initiative in this regard had no more enthusiastic advocate than the handsome, energetic fifty-year-old Canadian prelate. Declaring the pope's views infallible as an article of faith would better enable Bourget to deal with a serious outbreak of dissent in his own episcopate of more than seventy thousand souls. While lobbying in Rome for the papal cause, he found time to deal with a set of resolutions by the dissident Institut Canadien defending its right to a degree of intellectual freedom. He penned a point-by-point denunciation of the resolutions and mailed it off to his deputy, Vicar General A.F. Truteau. His missive reached Truteau in Montreal on November 17, 1869, the day before Joseph Guibord died in that city's east end.

Ordinarily, there would be nothing very significant in the passing of a sixty-year-old commercial printer. Joseph Guibord's significance to Bishop Bourget and other ultramontanes in Quebec lay not in what he was, but in what he symbolized. For the printer was an avowed liberal, and it was to combat liberalism that French Quebeckers had sent their young men overseas prepared to die for what was left of the papal dominions. (Only a handful of the Quebec Zouaves saw action before Rome succumbed to the nationalists after a token resistance in September 1870.) Liberalism in the province was synonymous with the Institut Canadien, of which Guibord had been a founding member and vice president.

The Institut was a literary and scientific society that served as a forum for intellectual activities in French Canada in the absence of French universities (apart from Laval in Quebec City). It boasted reading and meeting rooms, had an extensive lending library, and conducted law courses – leading, much to the bishop's disgust, to a degree from the Methodist Victoria University in Cobourg, Ontario. It was not unlike

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C81111

Ignace Bourget, the second Roman Catholic bishop of Montreal, led the ultramontanes, who maintained that the state should be subjected to church decree. Bourget's zealous promotion of the clerical role in society met its match in the Institut Canadien, which demanded the exclusion of the clergy from politics. Thirty years of struggle between the two world-views culminated in the Guibord affair, which effectively eradicated the Institut. But the Institut had planted the seed of liberalism that would see a flowering in twentieth-century Quebec politics.

English-speaking organizations such as the YMCA and the Mechanics' Institute born of the Victorian lust for self-improvement. Like them, it held debates, conferences, and lectures on current affairs.

The Institut was open to members of all tongues and religions. But almost all were French-speaking Roman Catholics, and it was Bourget's belief that, in order to counter the liberal ideas that were causing so much trouble in Europe for his friend and hero Pius IX, his countrymen were duty bound to rally round the church. In the bishop's mystical eyes, French Canadians had nothing less than a divine mission: to uphold the kingdom of God in the northern portion of the New World.

The nonsectarian organization's early success disturbed him deeply. Founded in 1844, the Institut spawned some sixty chapters throughout French Canada; by 1857 it had more than seven hundred members in Montreal alone. As it grew, Bourget came to see it more and more as a collective anti-Christ. In 1858, he attacked it in a pastoral letter read in all the churches in his diocese, which condemned as blasphemous an Institut pamphlet promoting freedom of speech and religious toleration. He followed that by censuring the Institut for circulating books which he characterized as irreligious and obscene.

His motives were as much partisan as they were moral. He was taking dead aim at the *Rouges*, a party whose members dominated the Institut. Among them were many moderates who considered themselves good Catholics but believed in the separation of church and state. Others were more radical. The spiritual leader of the radical faction was Joseph Doutre, a middle-aged lawyer, journalist, and author of a couple of rather shocking novels, who had publicly declared himself an agnostic and had fought an abortive duel with George-Étienne Cartier, future chief of the rival *Bleus*.

Men of the steely convictions of Doutre and Bourget were destined to clash, but at first the lawyer tried to avoid a head-on collision. He joined in an Institut delegation to the bishop in 1863 to discuss limiting and regulating the readership of the proscribed books, many of them by major philosophers like Voltaire and Montaigne. The delegates pointed out that church authorities in other countries permitted these to be read for educational purposes even though they were listed in the Vatican's Index of prohibited literature. Bourget heard them out, but later demanded that they get rid of the books in the Index without exception. He explained that anything Rome condemned, he condemned too.

This turned out to be a two-way street. Anything Bourget condemned, it seemed, Rome condemned at a twitch of his finger. Early in 1869 he obtained a copy of the Institut's 1868 *Annuaire* (yearbook) printed by Joseph Guibord. The publication carried a transcript of a lecture to the Institut by the editor of the New York *Tribune*, Horace Greeley, in praise of free thinking. Bourget sent the *Annuaire* to the Vatican with a request that it be placed in the Index, and the papal censors swiftly obliged.

Having accomplished this, Bourget felt free to move against the Institut with all the moral weight of Rome behind him. He published a further pastoral letter that bluntly ordered everyone in his diocese belonging to the Institut to resign forthwith under pain of being refused the sacraments, a very serious matter to the dutiful mainstream Catholics of the day.

The bishop's threats induced 138 men to give up their memberships, a decision helped along by friendly chats between their wives and parish priests dispatched to get the women to talk their husbands into quitting. Among the holdouts was Joseph Guibord, known as a church-going Catholic who had once held the contract for all the printing from the bishop's palace.

Soon Guibord took seriously ill, and his wife, Henrietta (née Brown), summoned a priest to grant him absolution. In one version of the story, the priest revoked the absolution when he learned Guibord was a member of the Institut. In another version, Guibord refused to renounce the Institut in order to receive the last rites and sent the priest packing. In either case, he was without the benefit of the last rites when he died a few weeks later, while Bourget was off in Rome championing papal infallibility.

When Guibord's widow inquired about the funeral arrangements, she was told that her husband was barred from the rites of the church because he had belonged to a prohibited organization. Henrietta then asked whether Guibord could be buried in the Catholic cemetery in any case. The reply came down from Vicar General Truteau: yes, but only in a civil interment. Guibord's remains could not be

The liberal *Rouges* waged an uphill battle against the *Bleus*, who were backed to the hilt by the clergy. ... "Hell is *rouge*, Heaven is *bleu*," rang out from pulpits across the land.

allowed to rest in the cemetery's consecrated ground, in which the couple had purchased a plot.

Joseph Doutre characteristically decided to make an issue of the ruling. Taking care to notify the press, he organized a procession of some two hundred Institut members to escort Guibord's funeral cortege to the Côte des Neiges Catholic cemetery on November 21, 1869. The timing of the funeral was a calculated affront to the church authorities. The twenty-first was a Sunday, and by tradition Catholics were never buried on Sunday. The procession was in the afternoon, and Catholics were never buried in the afternoon.

The cemetery superintendent intercepted the mourners on their way to the Guibords' prepurchased grave and told them that he had been ordered not to assign a consecrated plot to the body. He offered to accommodate it in potter's field, reserved for suicides, criminals, and unbaptized babies and the like who had died without the sacraments. The Institut members indignantly rejected the offer and carried Guibord's coffin off to the Protestant cemetery on the opposite side of Mount Royal. There they placed it in storage in a stone vault.

That night Doutre persuaded Guibord's widow to launch a lawsuit against the Fabrique de Montréal, the church administration, calling for interment in their family plot in the consecrated part of the cemetery. The case was heard in Quebec Superior Court by a judge, Charles Mondelet, noted for his radical inclinations. The *crème de la crème* of French Montreal's legal community turned out in their bibs and gowns before a crammed spectators' gallery. The parish was defended by a team of courtroom celebrities. The lead counsel for the plaintiff (assisted by Joseph Doutre) was Rodolphe Laflamme, Q.C., soon to become a power in federal politics.

Lavishly covered by both the French and English press, the proceedings went on for months, during which arcane legal and historical arguments were larded with fulsome rhetoric for the liberal and ultramontane causes. It all boiled down to whether a Christian burial was a civil right. On May 6, 1870, Mondelet ruled in the affirmative. He issued an order that the late Guibord be granted an ecclesiastical burial within six days.

The parish's lawyers promptly took the case to the Court of Reviews, which overturned the original judgment on the grounds that civil courts had no jurisdiction over ecclesiastical matters. Now it was the Institut's turn to appeal to the next higher level, the Court of Queen's Bench. Here the bumptious Doutre did his case no good by moving that the Catholic judges on the panel withdraw from the case to allay any doubt about whether, in effect, their loyalties lay with the pope or Queen Victoria. The insulted jurists sided with the Court of Reviews.

This left only one recourse open to the Institut: to go to the judicial committee of the Privy Council in London, final arbiter of legal questions throughout the British Empire. The Institut raised funds to send Doutre to England to plead the case in 1873.

Meanwhile a political donnybrook had broken out over Guibord's dead body. In the Quebec provincial election of 1871, the liberal *Rouges* waged an uphill battle against the *Bleus*, who were backed to the hilt by the clergy. Bourget and other ultramontane bishops threw their authority behind a "Catholic Program" to steer votes to the *Bleus*, otherwise known as the Conservatives. The slogan, "Hell is *rouge*, Heaven is *bleu*," rang out from pulpits across the land.

The priests contended that it was a Catholic's duty to abide by the church's wishes in all matters of conscience, including trips to the ballot box. Their case had been bolstered by the recent promulgation of the dogma of papal infallibility. Bourget extended this to its logical extreme, telling good Catholics to think: "I hear my curé, my curé hears the bishop, the bishop hears the Pope, and the Pope hears Our Lord Jesus Christ." Ordered through this chain of command to vote for the Conservatives, Quebec voters handed them a resounding victory.

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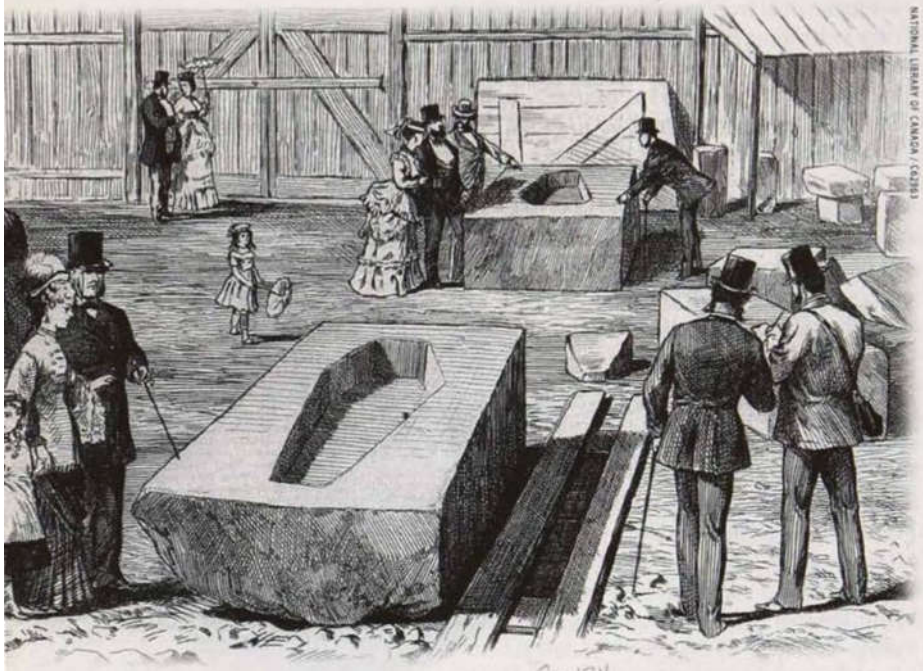
Joseph Doutre was a charter member of the Institut Canadien, a lawyer and a journalist who publicly declared himself an agnostic. It was he who persuaded Guibord's widow to launch the lawsuit that turned Guibord's burial into a *cause célèbre*. His 1844 novel, *Les Financés de 1812*, attacked religious intolerance and was condemned as immoral.

The violence and the civil tension it spread raised the Guibord affair to the status of a *cause célèbre* in the French, American, and British newspapers.



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To ensure that Guibord's grave would not be desecrated, a stone sarcophagus was created, but it proved too unwieldy to use. Ultimately, Guibord's coffin was sealed in concrete poured into the grave. No one would easily molest Quebec's most famous corpse.

Contesting that election was a twenty-nine-year-old lawyer named Wilfrid Laurier, who was running for the first time in his local seat of Drummond-Arthabaska. An ultramontane newspaper wrote that the first bill Laurier would support, as a member and ex-vice president of the Institut, would be to "oblige the bishop or curé to bury an excommunicated person"—namely Guibord. The local parish priest threatened to resign if Laurier were elected. Two hundred parishioners assured him that they would vote Conservative, but Laurier nonetheless carried the seat.

The Privy Council did not bring down its decision until November 21, 1874, five years to the day after Guibord had been denied a Catholic burial. The law lords found that ecclesiastical law did not apply in Quebec because it had never been recognized by the French civil code, which remained in force after the British conquest. They ordered the Fabrique to provide for Guibord's interment on consecrated ground, and to pay $6,000 in legal costs.

The decision landed like a bomb in the midst of a renewed church-state controversy. In the federal election campaign earlier that year, Bourget and his clerical supporters had come right out and said that any Catholic who voted Liberal would risk eternal damnation. But this time around, the ultramontanes faced opposition within the church itself, led by Archbishop E.A. Taschereau of Quebec City. Taschereau had concluded that attempts to use the clergy's spiritual influence to dictate votes threatened to drive people away from the Catholic flock.

Amid intimations of violence in the ultramontane press, the Institut's leaders waited for months for the furor sparked by the ruling from London to blow over. Still, their plan to bury Guibord on September 2, 1875, was widely publicized.

When the procession of carriages accompanying the hearse arrived that day at the iron gates of Côte des Neiges Cemetery, it was met by an angry mob estimated at a thousand people. Harangued by their leaders, men slammed the gates shut and thrust stout wooden props against them, shouting: "Ils n'entrent pas!"

Others unleashed a fusillade of stones against the mourners, who were trapped in the driveway when their terrified horses bolted. Several members of the party were injured. Chased by the rioters, the procession turned back in disarray to Mount Royal Cemetery, where Guibord's remains were placed in the vault a second time.

The violence and the civil tension it spread raised the Guibord affair to the status of a *cause célèbre* in the French, American, and British newspapers. The *Times* of London reported: "The city of Montreal has been cast into a state of something resembling civil war." The Toronto press teemed with reports and commentaries on the conflict, which coincided with an anti-Catholic riot in the Ontario capital late in September. Back in his home city, Guibord's name was on everybody's lips from tavern to salon.

The Institut's leaders saw the situation as an opportunity to affirm once and for all the primacy of civil over ecclesiastical authority. Doutre declared that the final disposition of Guibord's remains must be backed by the full might of British law. He applied to the mayor of Montreal, Dr. William Hales Hingston, a prominent Catholic, and to the district army commander for police and military escorts for the next

funeral procession. They grudgingly assented. November 16 was set as the date of the event.

In the days leading up to it, rumours flew that the Institut's enemies planned to place explosives in the waiting grave, and that there was a plot to snatch the body. A massive stone sarcophagus was built to encase it, but it proved too heavy to transport. Then, as the city trembled in apprehension, Bourget took centre stage, as if to prove that he still held the ultimate power. He published a letter in the newspapers addressed to all his parish priests instructing them to urge their parishioners to stay away from the graveyard and the procession route.

On the chill, gloomy morning of November 16, 1875, a force of 1,235 militiamen and regular soldiers marched with sloped arms out of Champs de Mars, led by military bands. They were preceded by a hundred-odd city policemen, sixty of them with rifles. The police marched alongside a two-horse hearse surmounted by a cross to Mount Royal Cemetery. There Institut pallbearers transferred Guibord's coffin from the vault, which emitted a "sickening odour." The coffin was painted *rouge* and draped with a Union Jack.

As the parade wound through the city streets, Mayor Hingston rode ahead on horseback. He found a scattering of spectators on the procession route and a large but seemingly good-natured crowd at the burial grounds. To remove any possibility of provocation, he rode back and halted the troops, ordering them to go no further unless he called for them. He then caught up with the procession as it entered Côte des Neiges Cemetery, still flanked by marching police.

A reporter on the scene for the *Gazette* recorded: "Several hundred persons, perhaps, witnessed or attempted to witness the performance of the last possible civil rites, with no other sentiment apparent than a mere feeling of the most ordinary curiosity, and it is surmised that if the volunteers, with their bands, had not attracted the attention of the public, in the most public manner to the event, the attendance would have been remarkably less than it was."

After the coffin had been lowered into the family grave on top of Madame Guibord's (she had died in 1871), a man stepped forward and said in French: "If there is nobody to say a word for him, I would like to do so; he taught me my trade, and I would like to make a sign of the cross for him."

He did so, and the gang of workmen who had been pouring cement into the hole to prevent desecration resumed their labours. They poured more cement on top of the coffin and threw in chunks of scrap metal for reinforcement. No one could molest the famous corpse when this mass hardened. Guibord would remain solidly in consecrated ground.

Or so it seemed to Institut members as they left him in his final resting place just short of six years after his death. But they had not reckoned on the determination and ingenuity of Ignace Bourget. Two hours later, he exercised his "full power ... to bless and to curse" by proclaiming that "the place where this rebellious child of the church has been laid is now in fact separated from the rest of the consecrated cemetery, to be no more anything but a profane place." He added that the name of Joseph Guibord would be "accursed from age to age."

It would not be long before Bourget would find further reason to curse Guibord and all that he—or his corpse—had come to stand for. For the Montreal prelate's headstrong performance in the imbroglio opened the door for Archbishop Taschereau and other church reformers to confront him directly on the question of whether the church should intervene in civil affairs.

The resultant rift in the Quebec clergy became such an open embarrassment that, in 1877, the Vatican sent the Irish Bishop George Conroy to mediate the "holy war" between Bourget's and Taschereau's supporters. By the time the Irishman brought down his report, Pius IX had died and a new air of tolerance was blowing in the Holy See.

As a result of the Conroy mission, priests in Quebec were expressly forbidden to "teach from the pulpit that it is a sin to vote for any particular candidate or party." Though clerical interference in politics would long continue in a less blatant way, Catholic clergymen would never exert quite the same hold over Quebeckers' political choices again.

If anyone emerged as a winner from the affair, it was Wilfrid Laurier, whose Institut connections had made him a special target of the clerical-Conservative alliance. Their persistent attacks on his secularism later proved the key to his incredible success.

On June 26, 1877, Laurier lashed back at his tormentors in a wildly cheered speech in Quebec City in which he eloquently declared that it was possible to be both a liberal and a good Catholic. The speech made him a national celebrity, acceptable to the pan-Canadian English-speaking majority. He went on to found the Quebec-based Liberal Party dynasty that has dominated federal politics in most of the intervening years.

As for the other principals, age and ill-health forced Bishop Bourget's retirement only a few months after Guibord's final funeral. Many considered him a saint for his work in founding colleges, charitable institutions, and religious communities. His retirement home at Sault-aux-Récollets became a place of pilgrimage. He died there at age 86 in 1885, having succeeded in at least one thing in his struggle against liberalism. At the time of his death, there was virtually nothing left of the Institut Canadien.

Joseph Doutre went on to pursue a tranquil and distinguished legal career, but he remained a resolute anticleric. When his own time came to be buried in 1886, it was, at his request, in the Mount Royal Protestant Cemetery, not far from the vault in which Guibord's body had been stored.

Montreal writer Robert Stewart is author of *Sam Steele: Lion of the Frontier*, published by Publishing Solutions, Regina.

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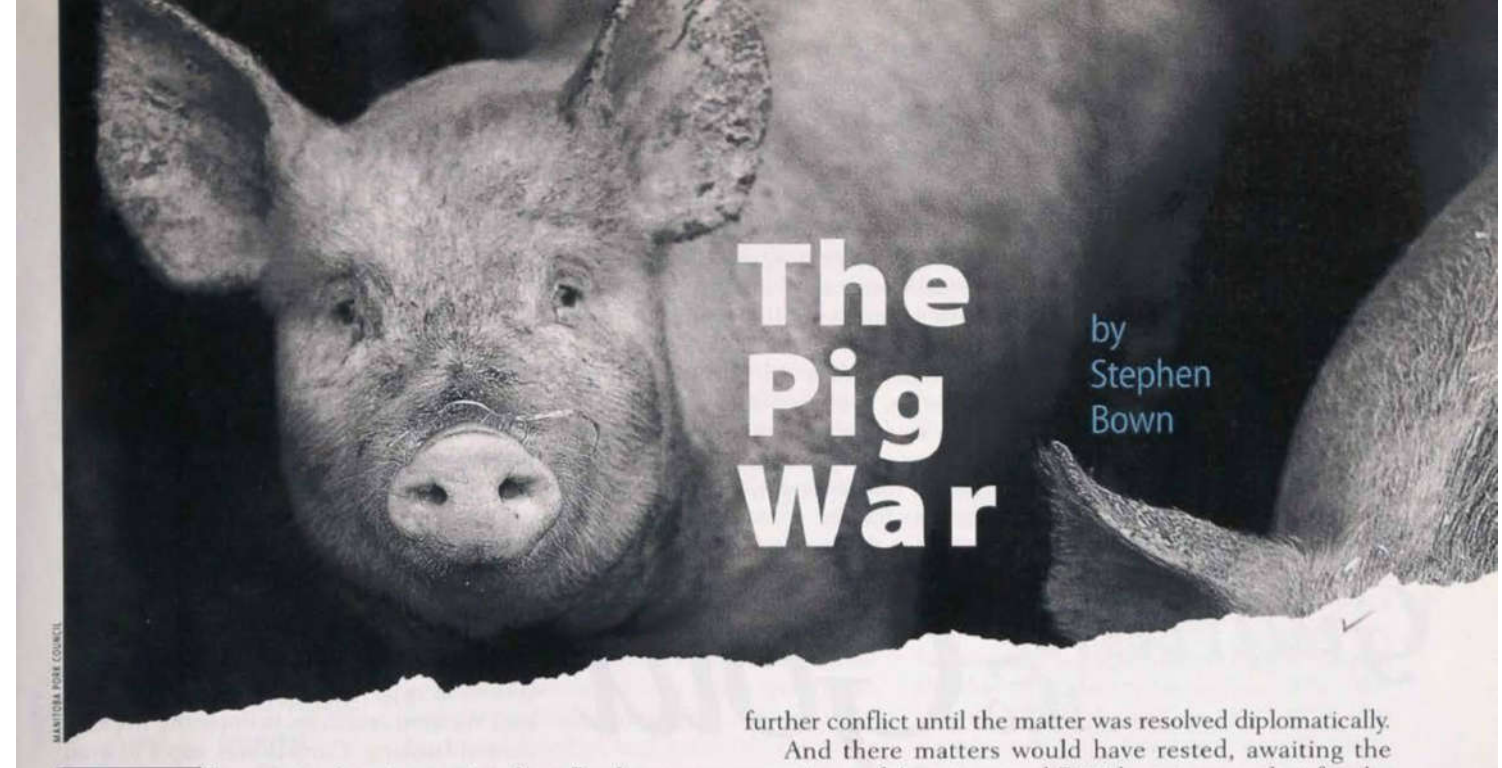

The Pig War

by Stephen Bown

The most curious international conflict between Canada and the United States involved a grunting pig, a swaggering army officer, and a cluster of small forested islands that lie in the Strait of Georgia midway between Bellingham, Washington and Victoria, British Columbia.

Although the islands were of questionable economic value, national pride and a dubious belief in their strategic military importance nearly led to war in 1859. The border between British territory and the United States through the Strait of Juan de Fuca should have been firmly established in the Oregon Boundary Treaty of 1846. According to the agreement, the border, after splitting the mountains along the forty-ninth parallel, would continue west, south, and west again, through "the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island." This vague and noncommittal definition suited admirably at the time, because no one suspected that the islands lay astride the ill-defined border, and in any case, no one lived on them.

But twelve years later, in 1858, gold was discovered along the Fraser River, and military convention dictated that the westernmost island, San Juan, was strategically important as the guardian of the waterway leading to Puget Sound and the gold-laden sand bars along the Fraser. One British official, Captain James C. Prevost, warned that the loss of San Juan might "prove fatal to Her Majesty's possessions in this quarter of the globe." Not surprisingly, all the islands, valuable or not, were promptly claimed by both sides.

On San Juan, the shepherds on a Hudson's Bay Company sheep farm and a small congregation of American farmers had been eyeing each other suspiciously since about 1855, when an enterprising American agent sought vainly to collect U.S. taxes from the company and seized thirty-four breeding rams instead. The Joint Boundary Commission of 1856 failed to reach a consensus on the location of the border, but the negotiators did agree to avoid further conflict until the matter was resolved diplomatically.

And there matters would have rested, awaiting the attentions of American and British statesmen, but for the whimsical wanderings, on a fine day in June 1859, of a delinquent British-Canadian pig. The pig, recognizing no boundaries, stumbled across the island, trampling and feasting in the garden of an American settler. Outraged, the settler immediately shot the beast (and presumably ate it). The indignant company agent demanded immediate restitution for the swindled swine, to no avail. Somehow the affair escalated, and General William S. Harney, commander of the U.S. army in the Pacific Northwest, a man with a reputation for brash undertakings, dispatched sixty soldiers under the command of Captain G.E. Picket to occupy the island and put an end to British whining. Harney refused to remove his troops even when British navy ships patrolled off-coast.

The patriotic outcry in nervous Fort Victoria was predictable, especially in light of the sudden influx of American gold-seekers to the Fraser the year before. "We must defend ourselves," bellowed J.S. Helmcken, speaker of the legislative assembly, "for the position we occupy today would make the iron monument of Wellington weep, and the stony statue of Nelson bend his brow!" Thankfully, nothing so desperate was necessary, because after a few months of delicate negotiation Washington quietly removed the belligerent Harney and most of the American troops, and the two countries agreed to jointly occupy the island until the boundary could be amicably settled.

The joint occupancy agreement, with detachments of soldiers encamped at opposite ends of the island, lingered for over a decade, until after the Civil War when the matter was submitted to the German Kaiser Wilhelm for arbitration. In 1872, the Kaiser awarded all the San Juan Islands to the United States, ending the Pig War – and finally settling the boundary between Washington and the new Canadian province of British Columbia.

Stephen R. Bown lives in Canmore, Alberta, and has a special interest in Canada's crazy past.

Guarding the Gold

"Hope you won't mind our dropping in unexpectedly like this, but we've brought along quite a large shipment of fish."

Such was British banker Alexander Craig's greeting as he stepped off the train at Montreal's Bonaventure Station late on the afternoon of July 2, 1940. And so proceeded one of the strangest and most unlikely sagas ever to come out of World War II history, the story of a mission conducted in such secrecy that even now, six decades later, the sparse details of Canada's involvement remain largely archived at two Canadian landmarks.

Waiting on the station platform that July afternoon were David Mansur and Sidney Perkins, both with the Bank of Canada, both puzzled by Craig's remark. Unbeknown to them and most other Canadians, the train that had delivered Craig and a small contingent of senior British bankers also carried 2,229 bullion boxes, each containing four bars of gold, with a total value of £30 million sterling. Also onboard the sealed train, which had travelled from Halifax Harbour, were five hundred boxes of marketable securities conservatively valued at £200 million. The total shipment of bullion and securities that had arrived in Halifax aboard the *Emerald*, at that time the largest transfer of wealth ever undertaken in the history of the world, represented a sizable portion of England's treasure, and its perilous journey to Canada signified a desperate attempt to keep it out of Nazi hands. It was the first of many daring shipments to be carried out under the code name Operation Fish.

Canada's prominent role in the evacuation of British and European gold had not been chosen at desperate random; in fact, the scene for Canada's involvement had been set a good half decade earlier with the establishment of a Canadian central banking system in 1935. As one of the last industrialized Western countries to enter the world of central banking, Canada was eager to avail itself of the guidance offered by the venerable Bank of England on Threadneedle Street, in the heart of London's business district. The Bank of England, since 1920 under the directorship of the redoubtable Montagu Norman, had an especially keen and self-serving interest in the promotion of central banking in the Commonwealth. And so it was that Norman and the Bank of Can-

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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G-42

On the eve of the Second World War, England worried for its wealth. War was costly. But the gold to pay the price of victory lay vulnerable in London. The solution—ship England's treasure overseas, to Canada. And so began Operation Fish.

by Trudy Duivenvoorden Mitic

ada's young governor, Graham Towers, developed an unusually close and cooperative relationship that would, according to *Due Diligence*, a report prepared for the Bank of Canada in 1997 by Carleton University history professor Duncan McDowall, have "practical outcomes for the young Canadian organization."

By early 1936, Britain had begun purchasing and holding earmarked gold in Canada; that is, gold minted and bought in Canada and kept there for safekeeping or trading. The Bank of Canada's regulations permitted earmarked gold accounts, and though the Bank of England's interest in storing its wealth offshore may have seemed unusual to Bank of Canada officials, it was not implausible given the early signs of German aggression on continental Europe.

Throughout 1936, England continued to expand its earmarked account because Canada was considered safe and convenient. Safe, according to McDowall, "because Ottawa and London had established a close and friendly central banking system. Convenient because the Royal Canadian Mint supplied gold at an attractive price and also because the Bank of Canada was, relatively speaking, on the doorstep of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, where the Bank of England had frequent business to transact." By year's end the Bank of England had stockpiled 3,304 gold bars, each worth US$14,000, in its Ottawa account. Twelve months later the number of gold bars had grown to 4,748.

In early 1939 British financiers discreetly inquired whether the Bank of Canada would agree to receive and preside over gold to be shipped from Britain in the event of war. Although England's prime minister, Neville Chamberlain, had successfully staved off German aggression in September 1938, and war was thought by many to have been averted, London nonetheless remained vigilant to the possibility of conflict. Records of inquiries clearly show that England's earmarked account in Canada was now being viewed in a different light. No longer merely a means of acquiring Canadian gold, the account was to become an offshore repository for England's own gold stores, safely beyond the reach of potential European enemies. In more straightforward terms, British gold in Canada would ensure Britain's continued ability to purchase war equipment from the United States on a cash-and-carry basis, should this become necessary.

With this ulterior motive in mind, the British government seized an unorthodox opportunity to send a first major shipment of bullion across the Atlantic. Three empty warships were to escort King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on their long-planned, spring 1939 visit to Canada. Treasury and Bank of England officials quickly hit upon a clever ruse to use the king's visit as a cover for transporting £30 million of gold. Each of the ships would carry £10 million. When the king decided at the last minute that the battle cruiser *Repulse* was more urgently needed at home and would therefore accompany the party only halfway across the Atlantic, the bullion was redistributed between the two remaining ships.

In a December 4, 1995, article in the *Ottawa Citizen*, Forbes Hirsch, in 1939 a junior accountant with the Bank of Canada, recounted his role in the transfer of the royal gold shipment from the port of Quebec to the Bank of Canada's Ottawa vault. On his arrival for work on the morning of May 16, the unsuspecting Hirsch was told he would be travelling by private, heavily guarded train to an undisclosed destination where he would await further orders. Those orders came in Quebec City, against the backdrop of two mighty, gold-laden ocean liners berthed in the harbour. His job was to check each box of gold against the ships' manifests as it was brought out of the holds and across the dock, and then loaded onto two private trains. In Ottawa, under cover of darkness, the process was repeated as the boxes were transferred to trucks for the

K-59

King George VI and Queen Elizabeth arriving in Quebec City (near left), May 1939. Their Majesties' visit to Canada was used as a cover to carry the first major shipment of gold to Canada. Two empty warships, which accompanied the *Empress of Australia* that conveyed the royal couple, were loaded with £30 million worth of bullion.

Gold bullion on the deck of HMS *Emerald* (far left). In late June 1940, the *Emerald* transferred £30 million of bullion in the form of gold bars and a further £200 million in marketable securities, at the time the largest single transfer of wealth in the world's history. With the war nine months old, the North Atlantic was infested with enemy submarines, but miraculously all the ships containing England's liquid assets reached safe harbour in Halifax or Quebec City.

short journey to the huge vault. When the final counting and recording was completed two weeks later, Hirsch returned to his desk and resumed his day-to-day duties.

At the time of the royal voyage, several European nations were already making arrangements to ship their gold to London for safekeeping. Among them were Norway, Belgium, and the Netherlands, much of whose treasure would eventually end up in the Bank of Canada vault for the duration of the war. The incoming volume was evidently significant, since one young Bank of Canada employee, who had remarked in 1938 that the Bank's new vault seemed as "cavernous as Fort Knox," noted in mid-1939 that already gold was "by necessity being stacked on the floor to save space."

But after Britain and France declared war on September 3, 1939, the gold began coming to Canada in earnest. The first wartime shipment involved the imposing battleships HMS *Emerald* and *Enterprise*, the cruiser *Caradoc*, and two R-class battleships, the *Revenge* and the *Resolution*. Each would comfortably carry £2 million in gold bars. Although especially foul weather made the convoy's crossing hazardous, it also served to minimize the potential for enemy attack. The ships arrived without incident in Halifax on October 16.

It is notable that the arrival of gold in Halifax and its subsequent transfer to waiting trains was conducted in such secrecy that the Maritime Command Museum in Halifax holds no record of any dockside, gold-related activity. Even the file on HMCS *Assiniboine* is devoid of any reference to gold transfer, despite British records clearly showing it to have carried £1 million from Plymouth to Halifax in November 1939.

Museum director Marilyn Gurney offers that Pier 6, a nondescript cargo pier at the foot of Ross Street, would likely have been used for the transfer of gold from ship to train. "The rail line runs right by it," she says. "The ship could come alongside undetected, and the cargo offloaded, without raising suspicion, onto the train, which would then travel the direct line to Montreal. No one would be the wiser, as this activity would blend in with the normal work environment."

British records, based on Admiralty papers and personal interviews with ships' captains conducted years later, paint a clearer picture of dockside procedure. "No entry was made in the log book of the hundred or more Canadian Mounted Police standing guard by the side of a goods train already waiting with steam up on the quayside," Alfred Draper wrote in *Operation Fish: The Race to Save Europe's Wealth 1939–1945*. "Apart from the Mounties, there was not a soul in sight. ... As the boxes reached the upper deck each was individually checked before being put aboard trolleys and trundled ashore. Before the crates were loaded into the wagons they were again checked by a senior official of the Bank of Canada."

By mid-1940 Britain had significantly stepped up the campaign to deliver its treasure to Canada for trade and safekeeping. In the final days of France's struggle against the unrelenting German regime, Winston Churchill became Britain's prime minister. While he trumpeted publicly about Britain's finest hour and never surrendering, privately he began making arrangements to evacuate to a secret deposit in Montreal not only the remainder of the country's gold, but also the foreign securities holdings of private individuals and businesses. Even as citizens heeded the call to turn in their securities to the Bank of England for safekeeping, Churchill, unbeknown to them, was making arrangements to transfer the mountain of paper to Canada. Both the gold and securities must be delivered safely across the Atlantic, he knew, for without them Britain would have had nothing with which to continue underwriting the exacting cost of war. Although Churchill was actively negotiating a lend-lease arrangement with America, his supplier of war material (an arrangement that would not come about until the following year), the Americans, in 1940, were unrelenting in their need to see goods exchanged for cash. Without its treasure stowed safely in Canada, Britain's defeat was imminent. Urgency suddenly prevailed.

Previously enforced weight limits were now thrown to the wind as warships and merchant ships alike were loaded down with boxes and bags of bars and coins, often to the point of causing structural damage. Incredibly, every single gold shipment sent as part of Operation Fish made it safely across the perilous Atlantic.

The *Revenge* sailed into Halifax Harbour in June 1940 carrying £40 million The SS *Antonia* and SS *Duchess of Liverpool* followed with £10 million each. Hot on their heels was the *Furious*, carrying £20 million. Britain's War Cabinet made the decision not to inform the War Risk Insurance Office of the shipments, reasoning that if one of the ships sank, the loss could never be compensated anyway.

The country behind the all-time largest shipment of gold aboard a single carrier was France, which sent a staggering 254 tons of

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM / NR 21415

When the gold and securities arrived in Halifax harbour from England, they were loaded onto a sealed Montreal-bound train guarded by members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

While [Churchill] trumpeted publicly about Britain's finest hour and never surrendering, privately he began making arrangements to evacuate not only the remainder of the country's gold, but also the foreign securities holdings of private individuals and businesses.

R-34

Receiving a staggering shipload of gold from Britain? All in a day's work, if the unpretentious receipt below is any indication.

Between 1938 and 1945, Canada stored – for Britain and other Allied nations – 186,332 gold bars, each weighing approximately 400 ounces (or 11.4 kilograms), and more than 8 million ounces of gold in other forms (mostly coin). With the price of gold fixed at US$35 during the war, the total value of the nearly 83 million ounces of gold stored by Canada would have been worth around 2.9 billion dollars.

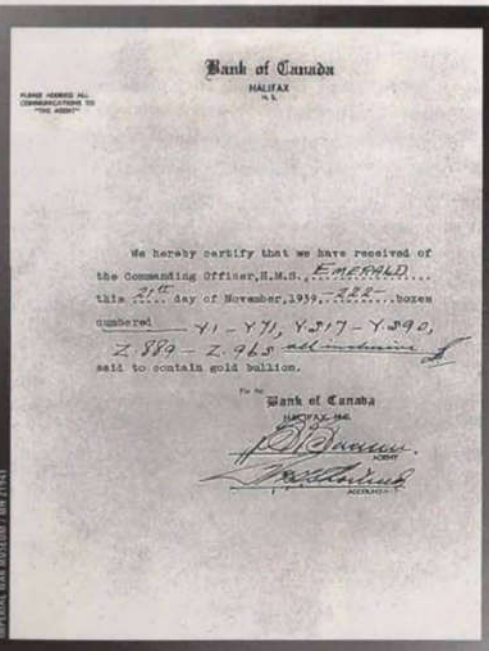
bullion – estimated by the Bank of Canada at $305 million – to Canada in June 1940 on the *Emile Bertin*, reportedly the fastest cruiser in the world at that time. The Bank of Canada had already received several shipments of French gold without incident, but France's defeat during *Emile Bertin*'s trans-Atlantic crossing sealed a different fate for this particular shipment. The British, who had swiftly taken over France's military debt as well as assets, ordered the gold off-loaded in Halifax for transport to the Bank of Canada with the intent that it would be used to help finance the Allied cause. The *Emile Bertin*'s captain, however, preferred to take direction from the hastily formed French Vichy government and defied British orders by slipping out of Halifax and sailing for Martinique. Although Britain was prepared to fight for the gold, the risk of being seen as an aggressor in the eyes of powerful America was too great a gamble. And so Churchill was forced to let the ship go.

France already had 10,581 bars of gold stored in Ottawa, and now Britain moved to persuade Canada to free the cache so it could serve the Allied cause. Canada saw its role as impartial banker challenged, and after a debate that dragged on for months, decreed that France's assets in Ottawa would be frozen until the end of the war. According to the government, the time had come for Canada to "distance itself from Britain's international agenda [and] cease acting out of colonial obedience."

In the meantime the *Emerald* had sailed to Halifax carrying Alexander Craig and his record-breaking shipment of British treasure. In mid-July 1940, that shipment was dwarfed when the warships HMS *Revenge* and *Bonaventure*, and the former luxury liners *Monarch of Bermuda*, the SS *Sobieski*, and SS *Batory* left for Halifax, carrying among them £192 million in gold bullion and a conservatively estimated several hundred million pounds in foreign securities.

Sidney Perkins of the Bank of Canada, on hand for the convoy's arrival in Halifax, was astounded when he read the manifests' figures for the five ships. "Seeing tens of millions in gold piled on the quay gave me a cold chill," he told writer Leland Stowe. "Even with the whole area fenced off, some word about this enormous shipment could easily leak out in a big port like Halifax."

As before, trains were waiting to ferry the cargo to Montreal, where the cars carrying securities would be unloaded and the cars laden with bullion sent on to Ottawa. For this particular shipment, five special trains were required because the floor of each coach could only handle the weight of 150 to 200 boxes. Locked inside each coach were two guards on four-hour shifts, with around fifty guards in all attached to the convoy, served by their own dining car and two sleeping compartments. The bullion travelled uninsured (no one in wartime



Bank of Canada
HALIFAX

We hereby certify that we have received of the Commanding Officer, H.M.S., EMERALD... this 21st day of November, 1939, ...ARK... boxes numbered Y1 - Y71, Y317 - Y390, Z 889 - Z 963 all inclusive said to contain gold bullion.

For the Bank of Canada
HALIFAX, N.S.

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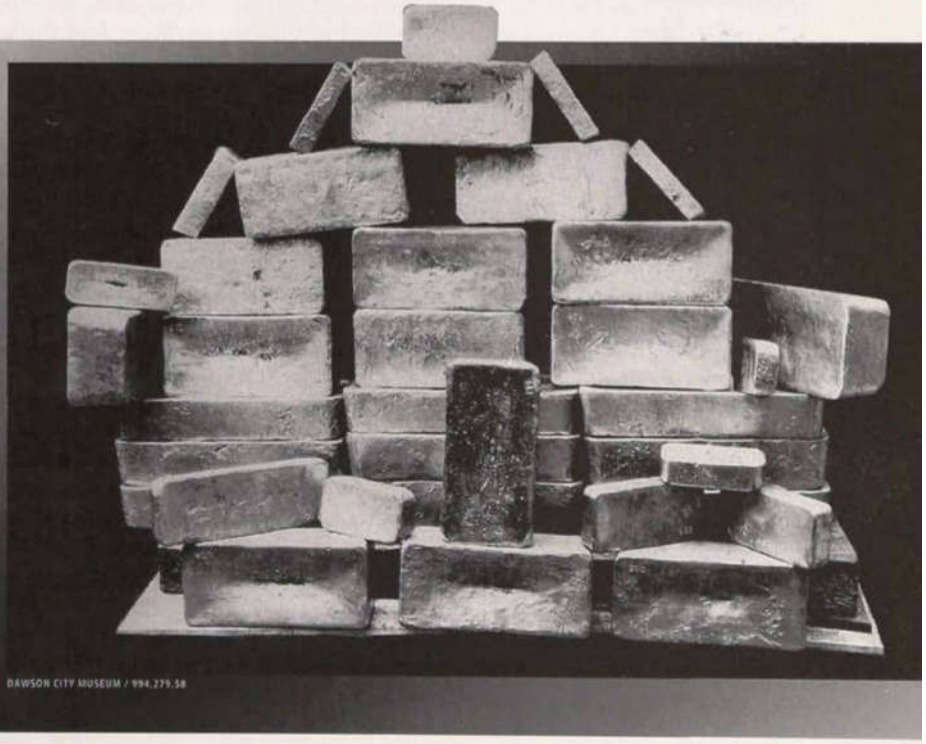

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G-42

K-30

would consider insuring such a vast amount of gold), and the cost of transport charged by Canadian National Express, reportedly over a million dollars, set another record.

Britain had previously made arrangements to store the securities at the Sun Life Building in Montreal, at that time the largest commercial building in the Commonwealth. The *Emerald* was the first to bring securities, and in the early hours of the morning of July 3, through cordoned-off streets, its paper cargo was trucked to the east entrance of the Sun Life building. Under the watchful eyes of armed police, the boxes were carried down to a temporary repository known as the Buttress Room. Permanent housing in a secure, steel-reinforced concrete vault in the third basement of the Sun Life building, fifteen metres below street level, was to be constructed, but finding the steel, which was in chronically short supply, had proved a problem. Resolution came in the form of 870 rails pulled up from an abandoned railway and a massive vault door borrowed from the Royal Bank of Canada. Two powerful compressors were set up at street level to blow 360,000 kilograms of sand, cement, stone, and water into the building's basement. Street-level curiosity was met with vague references to structural weakness in need of bolstering. By July 28 all was ready.

"The vault door," wrote Joseph Schull in *The Century of the Sun: The First Hundred Years of Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada*, "was in place and in operation, set into steel-ribbed concrete walls three feet thick, and behind the walls were nine hundred four-drawer filing cabinets, all crammed with securities. They were protected by an alarm system so delicate that it would record the sliding of a drawer, and they were guarded night and day by twenty-four men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police who ate and slept in the building.

The RCMP recruits were members of the RCMP Musical Ride, who were training in Rockcliffe, Ontario, when the call came to travel to Montreal. Although other records suggest that the recruits guarded the Sun Life Building's secured third basement, it is more likely that they stood watch over the unsecured Buttress Room while the secured area was being prepared, which took approximately six weeks. Retired RCMP Officer Bill Ritchie of Calgary, Alberta, well remembers the adventure. "On arrival, two members each were stationed at the first and second basement floors at the elevators, while the majority were in the third basement, doing shift duties. We witnessed the arrival of numerous boxes being brought to the third basement while the vault was being constructed, with us standing guard. Still, we did not know officially what they contained.

"We made $1.50 a day and really had a lot of fun. We were a very cohesive group and we bonded a lot during that month and a half, but in the end we were happy to return home."

When all was ready in the main vault, Alexander Craig hired some 120 retired financiers and quietly declared the United Kingdom Security Deposit open for business. Over the next four years a significant portion of the securities was marketed even though most Sun Life employees elsewhere in the building remained unaware of the nature of the business being conducted in their basement.

Two records mention owners having been reimbursed in sterling for the sale of their stocks. After the war the remaining stocks, severely diminished in volume, were bundled up and returned to Britain on board the HMS *Leander*. How many were sold to support the war effort remains unknown.

As for the gold in Ottawa, there seems to have been no particular postwar haste on the part of player countries to clear out their Bank of Canada accounts. In fact, all involved kept their Ottawa accounts active, and several went on to increase their balance after the war. Beyond minimal shipping costs, the Bank of Canada imposed no charge for the processing and safekeeping of the 186,332 gold bars and more than 8 million ounces of gold coins received between 1938 and 1945.

Operation Fish was, in many ways, the classic Canadian coming-of-age story. Through the arrival, sorting, and safekeeping of tons of bullion with nary a bar misplaced, and through the organizing of thousands of boxes of unsorted paper with not one treasury bill lost, Canada maintained a level-headed leadership role in the deliverance of nations more powerful and hundreds of years older. Though the Canadians involved must have ached to spill the bizarre story that indeed *was* stranger than fiction, secrecy was maintained and trust went unbroken. In the end there were no medals, no recognition, no jubilant fanfare. Only memories, and the enduring knowledge that a most unlikely job had been remarkably well done.

Through the safekeeping of tons of bullion with nary a bar misplaced, ... Canada maintained a level-headed leadership role in the deliverance of nations more powerful and hundreds of years older.

Trudy Duivenvoorden Mitic is a writer living in Victoria, B.C. Her book, *People in Transition*, is scheduled for publication by Fitzhenry & Whiteside this fall.

The Cypress Hills are a prairie anomaly rich in both human and natural history. They're also a place where the rocks talk to you, if you're willing to sit down and listen.

Sacred Hills
The Hills that Shouldn't Be

by Matt Jackson

I took a walk last summer in the Cypress Hills. For anyone who has ever travelled across the sweeping prairie along Canada's southern belt, under the dancing sky between Calgary and Winnipeg, they know that one word pretty much sums up visual impressions. That word is *flat*. Not so with the Cypress Hills, a high plateau rising like an apparition from the prairie floor on the Saskatchewan-Alberta border. It is here that green-backed mountains, specked with pincushions of birch and aspen and lodgepole pine, spill down onto cultivated grassland buffeted by ceaseless wind.

"The hills that should not exist," I remembered reading shortly after I arrived. But what exactly did that statement mean? As I walked the flanks of a rocky formation called the Conglomerate Cliffs one afternoon, I had time to think about it. Below me, on the surface of steel grey Adams Lake, a flock of white pelicans had gathered. And beyond that, rolling hues of green dropped suddenly onto

PHOTOS MATT JACKSON / SUMMIT STUDIO

Fort Walsh was built in the Cypress Hills in 1875, headquarters of the territorial police force formed in response to a June 1873 incident there in which Assiniboines were massacred by whites. The fort remained active until 1883.

In geological terms, the Cypress Hills are a neighbourhood eccentric. With a hard cap of sedimentary rock, they withstood the onslaught of glaciers and meltwater to become the highest point in mainland Canada between the Rocky Mountains and Labrador. Given that they are surrounded by flat prairie all around, some have called the Cypress Hills "the hills that shouldn't be." Their name, too, is eccentric. No cypress trees grow in Cypress Hills. The Métis and French Canadian fur traders in the nineteenth century mistook the flourishing lodgepole pines for the jack pines of eastern Canada, which they called *les cyprès*. The English thoughtlessly translated *les montagnes de cyprès* as Cypress Hills.

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BC STUDIES
The British Columbian Quarterly

Cole Harris and Jean Barman, co-Editors of *BC Studies*, are pleased to announce the publication of "Ethnographic Eyes," a special double issue (Spring/Summer 2000) edited by Wendy Wickwire and dedicated to the memory of **Douglas L. Cole**. A noted British Columbian cultural historian, Cole's work in the areas of art, First Nations culture, Boasian anthropology, and artifact collectors was groundbreaking and often controversial. Anthropologists, art historians, First Nation peoples, filmmakers, historians, and museum scholars will all find something of interest in this issue.

Established in 1969, *BC Studies* is a journal of informed writing on the political, economic, and cultural life of BC, past and present. Regular issues offer articles on a wide range of topics, in-depth book reviews, and a bibliography of recent publications.

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an ocean of prairie that slipped silently into the Earth's curvature. Yes, these hills did seem slightly out of place. What then were the forces of nature responsible for their existence? Indeed, could this rock speak, what stories would it have to tell?.

Approximately 55 million years ago, under the surface of the Earth's crust, gigantic plates collided along the western fringe of North America. The ground rippled and folded, pressure increased, and the great Rocky Mountains were slowly thrust skyward. To the east was a land owned by wind and sky – a broad, semiarid savanna covering much of the western plains. At one time the tropical Bearpaw Sea had covered most of this region, but had retreated some 13 million years earlier, a time when dinosaurs still roamed the land.

Soon massive rivers formed to carry rain and meltwater off the mountains' eastern slopes and down onto the prairies. They deposited millions of tons of gravel and cobblestone across the floodplain, much of which reached the Cypress Hills, forming the top layer of a multilayered plateau that had been growing since the time of the Bearpaw. Mixing with calcium carbonate to form an erosion-resistant barrier, this layer would eventually protect the hills from the onslaught of ice during the Ice Age, and is the reason why these hills still exist to this day.

The wind whistles as I pull my jacket over my shoulders and continue walking. Of particular interest to modern science are the valuable fossils of ancient creatures unearthed from these hills, protected from scouring glaciers under this rock-hard conglomerate. Records of sabre-tooth cats, mastodons, and mammoths have all survived along the eastern fringe of the plateau. Equally intriguing is a theory that suggests certain plants and animals managed to survive on a 150-square-kilometre nunatak (an island not covered by glacial ice) during the big freeze, and can still be found in southern Saskatchewan today. These include un-Canadian creatures such as horned toads, hognose vipers, kangaroo rats, and some fifty plants found nowhere else in the country.

There's pleasure in simple contemplation, sitting on rock millions of years old, thinking about what these extraordinary hills have etched across history.

Although the natural history of the hills is certainly fascinating, the impact they've had on recent human events is even more potent. There are stories this rock could tell of the days of James Walsh and Sitting Bull, when the Métis followed the dwindling bison herds and natives found peace from the struggles that swirled restlessly around its base It was only after white settlers started appearing in droves that life changed dramatically.

As early as twelve thousand years ago, Pleistocene hunters may have utilized the ice-free Cypress Hills, and ever since that time First Nations groups have regarded them with great awe and respect. This was a spiritual place, a proving ground for young men undertaking vision quests, and an oasis where hidden coulees and river valleys provided shelter and game to hunt during the lean, frigid winter months. In particular the great bison herds provided sustenance, while straight-masted lodgepole pine trees were used for tepees and horse travois.

As with every other corner of North America, the coming of the white man would alter history forever. Trading posts were established across the landscape as Europeans and natives bartered, exchanging blankets, iron knives and axes, copperware, trinkets, and sometimes alcohol for valuable family pelts. There was much distrust between whites and natives, and with American violence often crossing the international boundary, tensions were high. They erupted in June 1873, when a gang of American and Canadian wolf hunters, angered over a horse taken from Farwell's trading post, fired repeatedly on an Assiniboine camp near the banks of Battle Creek. Ironically, the Assiniboine were not to blame for the stolen horse, yet by day's end more than twenty were dead.

When word of this tragic event reached Ottawa, the government of John A. Macdonald realized that law and order was desperately needed. The North-West Mounted Police was quickly created, and in the summer of 1874, the force marched west to stop illegal whisky trading, ensure western Canadian sovereignty, win the confidence and respect of natives, as well as clear the way for a national railroad and settlement. By 1875 Fort Walsh had been constructed in the Battle Creek drainage, and a permanent village of some three hundred residents soon sprang up.

Fort Walsh served as the NWMP headquarters until 1883, and during the winter trading season its population would often swell to three thousand or more, making it the largest settlement between Winnipeg and Vancouver. It was also not far from Fort Walsh that NWMP Superintendent James Walsh, after whom the fort was named, befriended Sitting Bull and the Sioux, who were fleeing the U.S. army after defeating Custer and the Seventh

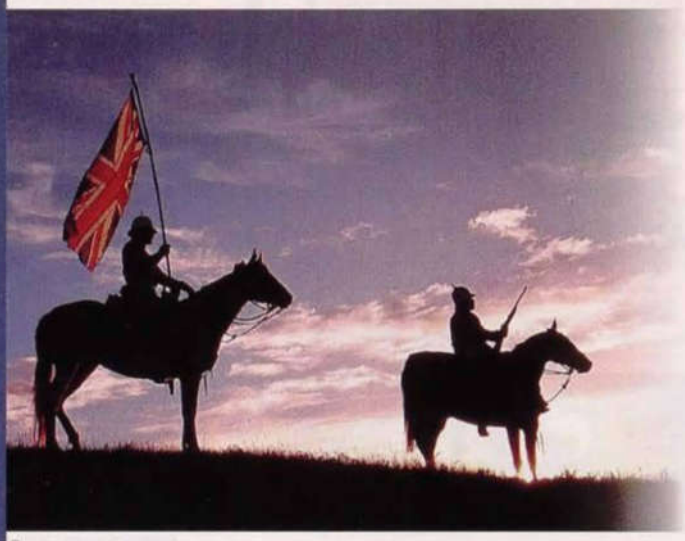
GLENBOW FOUNDATION / NA-C44-1

A member of the North-West Mounted Police in plainsman costume at Fort Walsh, 1876. By 1883, Fort Walsh had been dismantled and abandoned. From the early 1940s to the late 1960s, the RCMP used the property to breed and train horses for equestrian needs, including the Musical Ride.

Cavalry at Little Bighorn in Montana.

Alas, the railroad would soon outdate the fort's reason for existence, and its residents quickly moved to settlements along the "iron snake." At least Fort Walsh would regain some of its glory in 1942, after the RCMP purchased the surrounding land for the Remount Ranch. Until 1968, when the property was transferred to Parks Canada, the ranch was used for raising and training the famous black steeds seen in the RCMP Musical Ride.

There's little question that the Cypress Hills have changed. Several thousand cows now graze the grasslands, in place of their buffalo brethren. Hikers crisscross Canada's first interprovincial park on a section of Canada's first national trail. Fishermen fish, cyclists cycle, and park interpreters reenact history at reconstructed versions of Fort Walsh and Farwell's trading post.



In 1972, Fort Walsh was declared a national historic site and now includes an interpretive centre, where tours, re-enactments, and special events, such as this hoisting of the Union Jack by members of the Queen's Cowboys, a civilian group dedicated to commemorating the NWMP, are scheduled through the summer months.

MATT JACKSON / SUMMIT STUDIO

There's even pleasure in simple contemplation, sitting on rock millions of years old thinking about what these extraordinary hills have etched across history. As I turn to leave, bracing against a stiff prairie wind, I can't help but wonder if there's anything that hasn't changed. Then a smile creases my face as I stare out over the rolling green, my gaze dropping onto the distant prairie. Even today, these hills aren't supposed to be here. ◘

Matt Jackson is a Calgary-based photojournalist. He is currently writing a book about hitchhiking across Canada.

Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Ortona: Canada's Epic World War II Battle**
By Mark Zuehlke
Stoddart, Toronto, 1999
443 pp., $40.00 hardcover

■ **Getting It Wrong: How Canadians Forgot Their Past and Imperilled Confederation**
By Paul Romney
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1999
332 pp., $22.95 paper

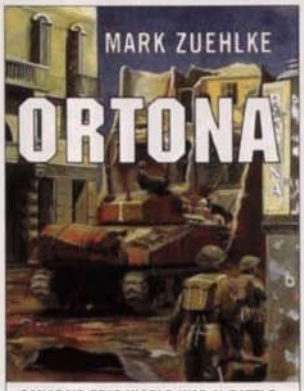
■ **The Weariness, the Fever, and the Fret: The Campaign against Tuberculosis in Canada, 1900–1950**
By Katherine McCuaig
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 1999
384 pp., $55.00 hardcover, $24.95 paper

■ **Murder Among Gentlemen: A History of Duelling in Canada**
By Hugh A. Halliday
Robin Brass Studio, Toronto, 1999
198 pp., $17.95 paper

■ **Crucible of War: The Seven Years' War and the Fate of Empire in British North America, 1754–1766**
By Fred Anderson
Knopf Canada, Toronto, 2000
960 pp. illus., $62.50 hardcover

Little Stalingrad

Ortona: Canada's Epic World War II Battle, a significant work on the battle of Ortona, in which the First Canadian Infantry Division and First Canadian Army Tank Brigade overcame crack German soldiers of the First Parachute Division to capture "the pearl of the Adriatic" on the southeastern coast of Italy, reminds us once again that Canada's pivotal role in World War II has been largely forgotten, ignored, or marginalized.



During December 1943, troops and armoured tank regiments fought their way into town and then scratched along from house to house in grim and determined combat to take Ortona in a battle later dubbed "Little Stalingrad." The cost was high, and every inch was won in blood. Casualties were 2,605 Canadians dead or wounded, including the near destruction of the West Nova Scotia Regiment in the run-up fighting for Ortona itself.

How grim was it? Explains author Mark Zuehlke: "The men were worn out from being able to catch only short naps between mounting assaults, conducting reconnaissance patrols, standing sentry duty, fighting off counterattacks, and enduring the endless concussive racket and danger posed by the night-and-day shelling and machine-gunning of forward positions. Nobody had changed his clothes. They were all unshaven, covered in filth, mud and blood from their own minor cuts and scrapes and those of badly wounded or killed comrades. There was never enough food or an opportunity to eat it in any degree of comfort. At night they froze and during the day sweat and rain saturated their clothing, preparing them to endure yet another chilling night. Nerves were wire taut."

Zuehlke, a Canadian military historian and prolific Victoria, B.C. writer, has gone into superbly researched detail to outline the battle for Ortona and the surrounding area. He relies on all available sources, including unpublished materials, official histories, regimental diaries, books, magazines, and his own interviews and correspondence. He places the reader in the thick of the struggle, weaving back and forth between Canadian, German, and Italian accounts. It is told from the frontline soldier's perspective, and many anecdotes in *Ortona* are probably told publicly for the first time.

Unfortunately, *Ortona* is far too long. The first 250 pages, setting the stage for the battle in the town itself, should have been pared down to make the book more manageable. There is simply too much information for many readers to absorb and its main audience will likely be serious military historians and researchers.

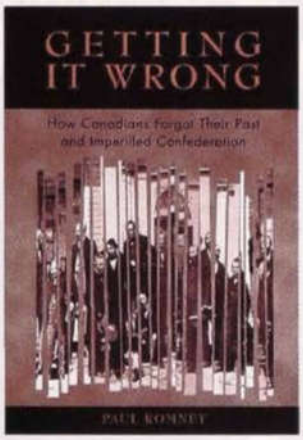
Having said that, Zuehlke should be commended for his excellent appendices, particularly those on the military structure of both the Canadian and German forces. Several informative maps are included and these are generally well done, assisting the reader in determining where each regiment was deployed against the enemy. Special mention must also go to the excellent dust jacket illustration by Stephen Quick of the Canadian army fighting at close quarters in Ortona.

The selection of photographs could have been better, and it is probably superfluous to feature three individual close-up pictures of dead soldiers, two Germans and one Canadian. One or two images would have been sufficient and other more relevant pictures should have been included. And trying to cram three pictures to a page results in poor quality reproduction and annoying cropping. Oddly, while acknowledging in one appendix that many military decorations were won at Ortona and indicating the qualifying ranks, the author neglects to provide a complete listing of awards recipients. Most or all winners are, however, recognized in the text or footnotes.

Sacrifice, valour, disease, and exhaustion are recurring themes when describing the Canadian action at Ortona. So is indifference. While Canadian soldiers were part of the British Eighth Army, it was Canadians, representing virtually every region of Canada, who took Ortona. Surprisingly few are aware of this, yet it is one of Canada's (and the entire Allied forces) greatest triumphs of World War II. Hopefully *Ortona*, although bulky, will break new ground on the subject, leading to a better understanding and increased awareness of Canada's proud military past.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, who has a history degree from Carleton University.

A Cure for Amnesia



Federal centralists will think ***Getting It Wrong: How Canadians Forgot Their Past and Imperilled Confederation*** a deeply subversive book, which is the first good reason for reading it. The author's facts and analysis nicely undermine the current (not very functional) central-government paradigm of how Canada ought to work.

The second and larger good reason is that the book points the way to a happier ordering of our federation. God knows after a generation of wasteful friction and the warping of every public policy issue by the unity question (which mordant focus continues in Ottawa), we are long past time for such solutions.

Politics is sometimes referred to as the "art of the possible," but it is much more than that. Politics is also driven by dreams—a better world, justice, peace, order, and good government, life, liberty, and the pursuit of

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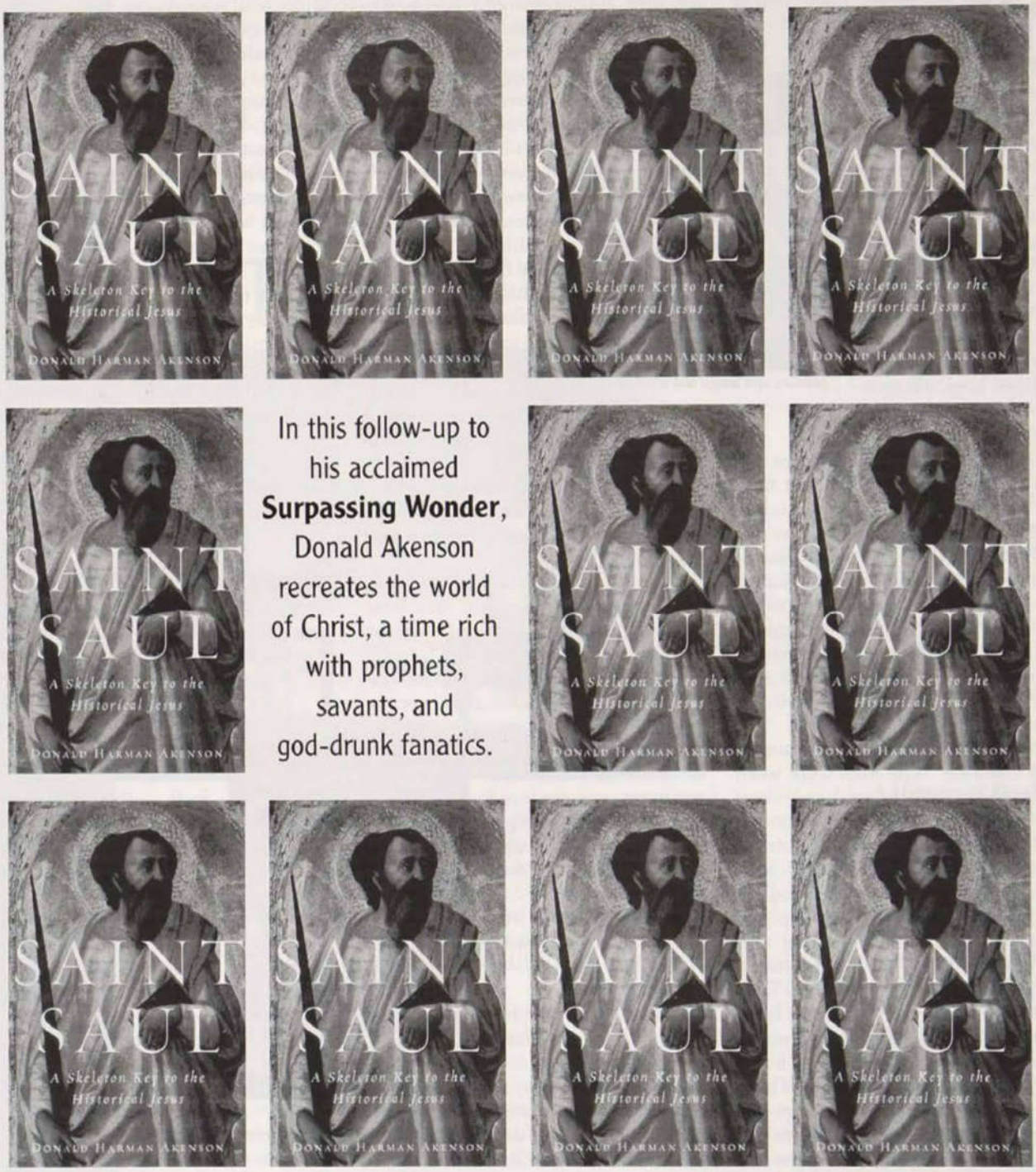

In this follow-up to his acclaimed **Surpassing Wonder**, Donald Akenson recreates the world of Christ, a time rich with prophets, savants, and god-drunk fanatics.

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happiness – take your pick.

Given that reality, the details of the dream are important. These in turn are shaped by considerations of what ought to be. And what "ought to be" in any social compact is in turn importantly mediated by what was intended in the first place. That is where *Getting It Wrong* comes in.

The central thesis of the book is that Confederation was intended as and ought to be seen as a *compact* between the founding entities, not as the creation of a single, undifferentiated nationalism. In business terms, in this view of history, Canada should be seen not as a merger wherein the joining entities lose their identity, but as a joint venture. In the latter arrangement, the cooperating entities retain their distinct personalities and retain a veto over any change to the original deal.

According to Romney, the founders held both ideas. Sir John A. was clearly a merger type – Confederation was a bringing together. However, Oliver Mowat, Ontario premier from 1872 to 1896, wanted – and thought he had got – a joint venture. For Mowat and most politicians in what was then Canada, Confederation was more importantly a *separation* of Ontario and Quebec. The author leads us through the way in which this version has been gradually suppressed over the years by centralist historians, Donald Creighton being particularly subject to his attentions.

Why should all of this matter to Canadians today? The "merger" philosophy reached its zenith in 1982, as described in the chapter "A Historic Blunder: Trudeau and Patriation." In this view Romney is in the excellent company of York University's Ken McRoberts (author of *Misconceiving Canada: The Struggle for National Unity*, 1997) and others, but the current federal government continues to press the merger line.

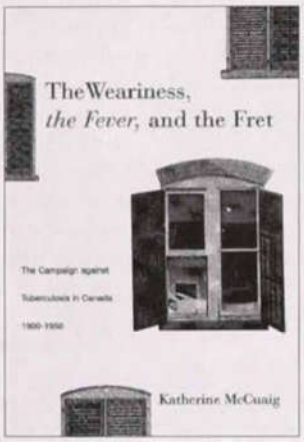
For Romney, this is the fundamental source of the challenge to national unity caused by the Quebec question. Indeed, many nationalist Quebec politicians take the position that Confederation was a good deal that has been traduced by generations of power-hungry centralizers in Ottawa.

In that sense this is a "back to basics" book. If you can believe that a more decentralized federation is what was really intended in the original deal, you are most of the way to accepting the most promising avenue to resolution of our age-old tensions. Romney has done us all a favour by setting out in a careful, thorough, but very readable manner what that original deal was, how and why the perception has changed, and why we should relearn our history.

Reviewed by **Gordon Gibson**, a senior fellow in Canadian Studies at the Fraser Institute.

Illness and Culture

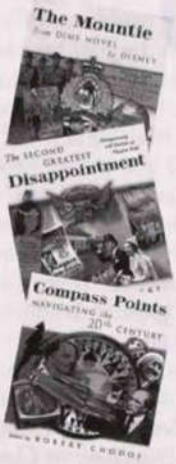
A thorough reassessment of the Canadian struggle against tuberculosis is for many reasons overdue. First, our AIDS-obsessed present needs to be reminded that in its heyday TB was far more widespread and contagious than HIV-positivity is today, and, in the absence of medicare, a financial and psychological burden that was hard for victims and their families to endure.



Secondly, the hitherto standard source on TB in Canada, George Wherrett's *The Miracle of the Empty Beds*, now almost a quarter of a century old, looks increasingly like a period piece, especially when placed alongside the recent spate of books on TB in the U.S., Britain, and France by scholars working in the social history of medicine. Thirdly, the most provocative of these recent studies, Georgina Feldberg's prize-winning *Disease and Class: Tuberculosis and the Shaping of Modern North American Society*, which contrasted the negative American and positive Canadian responses to BCG vaccine, raised intriguing questions about the role of middle-class ideology in shaping the Canadian experience. Now, with ***The Weariness, the Fever, and the Fret: The Campaign against Tuberculosis in Canada, 1900–1950***, Katherine McCuaig, a practising physician with a master's degree in Canadian history, has undertaken to update and deepen our understanding of the struggle against TB in Canada.

The book's arresting title implies a close investigation of the experience of

CANADA'S CULTURAL HISTORY



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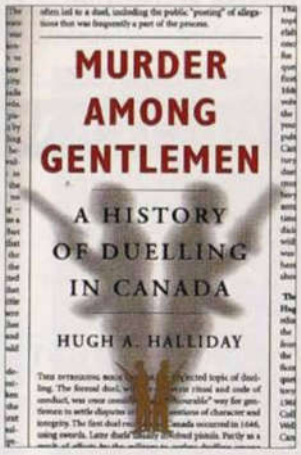
living with TB, perhaps a Canadian counterpart to Sheila Rothman's *Living in the Shadow of Death*. If so, it misleads, because there are virtually no "illness narratives" here; except for a few tantalizing paragraphs on the subculture of the sanitarium, the patient experience is largely relegated to the sidelines. Instead, the foreground is occupied – as the subtitle rightly denotes – by the campaign against the disease, and by accounts of the activities of those who waged it.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, the popularity of this campaign owed as much or more to the social gospel than to the bacteriological revolution. Following in Ramsay Cook's wake, McCuaig shows how reformers linked the spread of TB to alcohol abuse, venereal disease, and other "moral impurities." As elsewhere, nativist sentiment sought scientific respectability by appropriating arguments based on eugenics, as if only recent immigrants were responsible for the presence of TB in Canada. Reformers, frustrated by public apathy and fear, as well as by government indifference, soon found that World War I changed everything.

After 1919, both the tone and direction of the anti-TB campaign were altered: instead of waging a generalized war on poverty – that now left in other hands – medical specialists concentrated on the germs themselves, and on finding and destroying sources of infection. The federal government found money to provide hospitalization for tuberculous veterans, then pushed off responsibility for public health onto the provinces. Soon the national and provincial campaigns were no longer led by lay moralists; instead, sanitarium administrators, dispensary clinicians, and public health nurses took over, although volunteer organizations, especially service clubs, still played an important role at the local level. McCuaig has interesting things to say about them, but her treatment of the social and political aspects of class ideology is both uneven and unsatisfying. Oddly, she appears more alert to such issues when discussing the Junior Red Cross than when dealing with the Rockefeller Foundation, the I.O.D.E., or the Rotary Clubs.

The second half of the book is a somewhat harder read, mainly because the author seems to have decided, midway through the 1930s, simply to describe rather than explain unfolding events, and to save the explanations for the last two chapters, thus producing what are essentially two conclusions, one of them an extraordinary thirty-one pages in length. Why the author adopted such an odd scheme of organization is puzzling; why the publisher approved it, rather than pressing for substantive revisions to the chapters themselves, defies understanding. Nevertheless the book manages to shed new light on many aspects of its subject, not least Quebec's perennially poor performance, which the author unhesitatingly ascribes to the influence of the Catholic church and the absence of lay enthusiasts.

Reviewed by **John Hutchinson**, who teaches Russian and European history at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. His current research focuses on humanitarian responses to misfortune and on the formation of international humanitarian organizations.



Death for Honour

On a spring morning in 1838 two men stood side by side near Montreal's Verdun racetrack facing in opposite directions. Each held a pistol and paced fifteen metres away from the another. They turned around and took aim. Only one of them fired; the other fell to the ground dead. Honour had been restored.

This incident is just one of many high-society duels described in Hugh A. Halliday's ***Murder Among Gentlemen: A History of Duelling in Canada***, an engaging, fast-paced account of duels both farcical and tragic, which includes a provocative and unflattering portrait of the colonial upper classes.

Halliday traces duelling to seventeenth-century Western Europe where landowning aristocrats, their power usurped by a growing merchant class and elected assemblies, developed a code of honour and exaggerated importance and introduced duelling as a gentleman's ultimate quest to protect his social standing. The romantic appeal of duelling was so strong that even the so-called lower classes tried emulating the same principals and followed suit with their own duels.

In France, Halliday writes, duels were so frequent that "it was remarked, only half in jest, that a gentleman could not marry until he had killed at least one opponent in single combat." Unlike France, Quebec's colonial administration took a surprisingly tough stand against duelling, including executing victors and burying victims in garbage heaps. However, as the army grew in size, the administration relaxed its position to improve soldier morale.

The British replaced swords with pistols, which better suited their national character. Halliday quotes a source who wrote that a duellist's biggest incentive for using pistols was no longer having to worry about dying with rumpled attire. The British also imported into Canada the *Irish Duelling Code*, a detailed manual with guidelines on conducting duels. More importantly, the legal profession joined the military and gentry in duels over honour and social standing. That politicians would later join the fray is no surprise since most of them were lawyers. As a result, while the law may have strictly forbidden duelling, convictions were either rare or amounted to a slap on the wrist.

Most of the accounts in the book take place in Atlantic and Central Canada. The West, however, was more mellow, as a mere six pages of accounts testifies. The author's explanation draws a chuckle: "... no lawyers, no political parties and no permanent military garrisons. Most of the ingredients for duels, as fought in the East, were absent."

In these accounts, Halliday reveals the dark side of colonial society, which pressured educated men to set-

tle their differences with violence, and he makes no attempt to hide his own dislike toward these ultrasensitive perceptions of honour. Occasionally, he pities some of the men who had to duel to protect their social standing and even their jobs. In one such instance, he quotes Charles-Ovide Perrault, a Quebec politician who accepted a challenge for a duel because he was afraid of becoming the "pole that every little dog could piss on."

Though Halliday declares duels to be "relatively insignificant in their impact on social developments," he nonetheless profiles men who survived duels to profoundly influence provincial and national politics: George-Étienne Cartier, a staunch supporter of the Quebec Patriote movement, later became a Father of Confederation; Allan Napier MacNab, who declared "all my politics are Railroad," had as a protégé John A. Macdonald, Canada's first prime minister, who used the railroad as a way to promote confederation. There is a fairly good chance that Canada would have looked a lot different if Cartier or MacNab had not survived their duels.

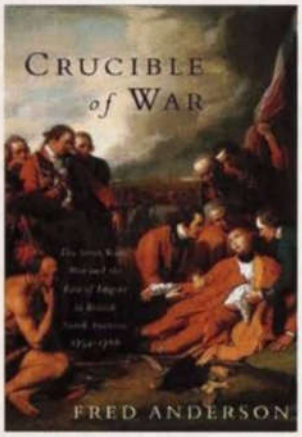
The victim of the duel outside Montreal's Verdun racetrack is recorded as the last man in Canada to die for honour. Surprisingly, his opponent did not rejoice. Instead he sat down and cried. A passing farmer looked at the dead man, then turned to the sobbing victor and remarked, "I guess you have had a bad beginning to the day." In reply, the victor threw his pistol away and continued to sob. He realized too late that life is too high a price for honour. It was a sentiment that was growing stronger and more popular by the day.

Reviewed by **Spyridon Moshonas**, a Toronto freelance writer.

The Very First World War

Under the command of George Washington, a cocky 22-year-old of doubtful competence, 47 Virginia militia and a few Indians surprised 30-odd French soldiers at Great Meadows, Pennsylvania, on May 28, 1754, mowed down half of them, and took the rest prisoner. Washington failed to control the Indians. Their chief drove his hatchet into the head of the wounded French commander, reached into the skull, yanked out viscous tissue, and washed his hands in the officer's brain. As if on signal, the warriors scalped the other wounded prisoners, and stripped their corpses.

Thus it was, Fred Anderson writes in ***Crucible of War: The Seven Years' War and the Fate of Empire in British North America, 1754–1766***, that "a single desperate Iroquois chief," while trying to keep the French from seizing control of the Ohio Valley, started a conflict "far more significant than the War of American Independence." The Seven Years' War spread from North America to Europe, the West Indies, West Africa, India, and the Philippines.



Winston Churchill called it the first world war. Anderson calls it "the most important event to occur in eighteenth-century North America." Obviously, it destroyed the French empire in the New World. Not so obviously, even as Britain in 1763 celebrated the most glorious victory in its history, "this immense conflict" had already "set in motion the forces that created a hollow British empire."

If there'd been no Seven Years' War, Anderson argues, American independence would have come about much later than it did (or not at all), and without bloodshed. The French Revolution and the wars of Napoleon would not have occurred when they did, as they did. Nor would have "the transcontinental juggernaut that Americans call 'westward expansion,' and the hegemony of English-derived institutions and the English language north of the Rio Grande." Anderson doesn't discuss the possibilities further north, but God only knows what kind of animal Canada might have become.

A Harvard-trained professor at the University of Colorado, Anderson draws on stupendous research – his chapter notes, in tiny type, fill eighty-five pages – to reveal how imperial and colonial rivalries, parliamentary and colonial politics, crooked land speculation, squatting settlers, and Indian diplomacy and rebellion all combined with the greed, ignorance, bigotry, deception, blind ambition, and gross misjudgment of various characters to make fantastic, heroic, and horrible events happen.

Few historians have ever shown so vividly how the unpredictable, the accidental, the sheer fluke could make or break politicians and military reputations. To take but one example, James Wolfe owed his conquest of Quebec in 1759 neither to his military genius nor even to knowing what was happening that fateful morning on the Plains of Abraham. After he and his advance guard had achieved the heights, writes Anderson, "Wolfe, alone in the gray light before dawn, had no idea what to do next. In confusion, he sent word down to Major Isaac Barré to halt the landings. Fortunately for Wolfe's historical reputation, Barré ignored the order and rushed men up the path."

It was not only Wolfe's uncanny luck that enabled the British to take Quebec, but a bizarre string of events that stretched back directly to that bloody dawn, more than five years before, when an impotent Washington watched his berserk Indian allies tomahawk wounded French soldiers.

Crucible of War is history in the grand, old, epic style. "Few reveries haunt history professors more insistently," Anderson says, "than the dream of writing a book accessible to general readers that will also satisfy their fellow historians' scholarly expectations. At least that dream has haunted me." He has made his dream come true. For a long time to come, this book will remain the last, best word on the Seven Years' War.

Reviewed by **Harry Bruce**, a freelance writer in Halifax. His latest book is *An Illustrated History of Nova Scotia* (1997).

CHRIS RAIBLE

Booknotes

"Biography," F.R. Scott once commented, "becomes interesting and alive when the biographer is partisan." The latest work of journalist John Fraser certainly qualifies; it is full of partisan opinions. Fraser assesses four modern personages: Bishop Terrence Finlay, William Thorsell, Jean Chrétien, and Queen Elizabeth – *Eminent Canadians* his title dubs them. In tandem he discusses four influential individuals (also, presumably "eminent") from our past: Bishop John Strachan, George Brown, Wilfrid Laurier, and Queen Victoria. He ardently defends Strachan as a hero whose vision helped mould Upper Canada – and by extension, in good Toronto fashion, Canada itself – in ways most admirable. Every Strachan biography I've read (seven at last count) essentially agrees, so it is not fully clear who Fraser is defending his hero against (other than one brief Pierre Berton comment). *Globe* newspaper founder and Father of Confederation George Brown is less lauded than Strachan, but is fairly judged. Fraser may call himself a Tory, but he expresses great admiration for Laurier, especially for his classically liberal articulation of Canadian nationalism. Since Fraser does not pretend to present rounded biographies for each of these historical figures, I suggest an advance look at the appropriate *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* entries. Indeed, in his chapter on the monarchy, Fraser condemns the *DCB* for not including an article on Queen Victoria (she took little interest in Canada), but he proceeds to tell very little about her himself, focusing most of his discussion on the importance of the monarchy to this country. Evaluation of his treatment of the four modern "eminent" Canadians I leave to others, save to note that the author's personal encounters with them entirely dominate each chapter, leaving little doubt about the contemporary Canadian who is to him preeminent.

Michael Bliss's highly acclaimed biography of William Osler (reviewed on page 45 of the June/July 2000 issue) may serve as a reminder that other medical personalities were also important in our history. One, Dr. Joseph Workman, was a native of Ireland who trained as a physician at McGill before moving to Upper Canada to take over a family hardware business. In Toronto he was a successful merchant, an influential politician, a thoughtful journalist, and a founder of the Unitarian Church. He also resumed the practice of medicine, taught at a medical school and, in 1853, was appointed superintendent of the provincial lunatic asylum. For the next thirty years Workman was the dominant Canadian figure in the care of the mentally ill, important not so much for his originality of treatment as for his benevolence towards his patients and his intolerance of meddling politicians. In *The Father of Canadian Psychiatry*, retired social-work professor Christine Johnston neatly chronicles Workman's life and thereby contributes significantly to our understanding of both medical and political science in the nineteenth century.

Two other recent biographies, each describing the sensational career of a Canadian outlaw, made me wonder whether the real rogues in each case were the reporters rather than the criminals. In 1922 "Red" Ryan escaped from Kingston Penitentiary and quickly resumed his addiction to robbing banks. After an eighteen-month spree, he was caught and sent back to Kingston for life. In time he became a model inmate, apparent proof that imprisonment could in fact effect reform. Indeed, thanks to the efforts of a naive but politically well-connected priest (he who even managed to involve the prime minister), Ryan was eventually given his "ticket-of-leave." He quickly became a public figure, an authority on crime and punishment, *and* a private felon, instigator of a string of burglaries. Needless to say, he was the darling of the daily press, both in and out of prison. Ultimately he was shot while robbing a Sarnia liquor store.

Frank McCullough's case was no less sensational. Sentenced to be hanged for shooting a policeman, he escaped from Toronto's Don Jail, much to the delight of an adoring public, who saw him more as a victim of police brutality than as a convicted cop killer. Toronto newspapers, locked in fierce competition for subscribers, had a field day – or rather, a field half-year from the shooting to the hanging. There were near riots the night before he died, as thousands rallied around the jail demanding his reprieve. In *No Tears to the Gallows*, Mark Johnson not only presents an engaging narrative, he provides enough social context to make some sense out of a truly incredible tale. You need not be a fan of "true-crime" literature to appreciate the book – it is social history and storytelling neatly combined.

The sad century-and-a-half saga of Kingston Penitentiary itself is sketched in *Canada's Big House*, a book by Queens University educator Peter H. Hennessy. The institution began as a

Books Cited

- *Eminent Canadians: Candid Tales of Then and Now*
  By John Fraser. McClelland & Stewart, 2000. $34.99 hardcover.
- *William Osler: A Life in Medicine*
  By Michael Bliss. University of Toronto Press, 1999. $50.00 hardcover.
- *The Father of Canadian Psychiatry: Joseph Workman*
  By Christine I.M. Johnston (Order from: Ogden Press, 17 Dock Street, Victoria BC V8V 1Z9) 2000. $19.95 paper.
- *The Big Red Fox: The Incredible Story of Norman "Red" Ryan, Canada's Most Notorious Criminal*
  By Peter McSherry. Dundurn Group, 1999. $19.99 paper.
- *No Tears to the Gallows*
  By Mark Johnson. McClelland & Stewart, 2000. $31.99 hardcover.
- *Canada's Big House: The Dark History of the Kingston Penitentiary*
  By Peter H. Hennessy. Dundurn Group, 1999. $22.99 paper.
- *J.B. McLachlan: A Biography*
  By David Frank. James Lorimer, 1999. $39.95 hardcover.
- *Canadian Marxists and the Search for a Third Way*
  By Peter Campbell. McGill-Queen's University Press, 2000. $34.95 hardcover.
- *The Carving of Canada: A Tale of Parliamentary Gothic*
  By Munroe Scott. Penumbra Press, 1999. $18.95 paper.

puritanical place for penitence (hence "penitentiary") but soon devolved into a cruel place of punishment. Each generation of administrators faced the confusions and contradictions of "correcting" criminals and, the author clearly suggests, all failed. Much of the value of the book is in its use of original documents: regulations, records, reports, and correspondence. The last section, dealing with the contemporary scene, ably demonstrates that the prison has become, in the jargon of our times, "dysfunctional."

Throughout its history, our country has had its radicals, but not many radical revolutionaries – and even they have been largely forgotten. In the last issue, the *Beaver* reviewed David Frank's comprehensive biography of coal miner and labour leader J.B. McLachlan of Cape Breton (August/ September 2000, p. 49). A related book, *Canadian Marxists and the Search for a Third Way*, traces the careers of four lesser known, but hardly less committed, labour activists who were McLachlan's contemporaries. The "third way" they sought was a path for leftists that was neither the gradualism of parliamentary social democracy nor the revolutionary activity of Soviet Communism. Today such distinctions may seem almost irrelevant, but they are part of our history and are well worth pondering.

The Carving of Canada, a biography in entirely different style, is a recounting of the professional life of parliamentary sculptor Eleanor Milne. The story unfolds in the form of a mythic legend told by elders. Author Munroe Scott presents less a life of Milne and more the story of Canada. Fortunately, photographs of the sculptor's *Frieze of History* illustrate the tale. I enjoyed the book, but I liked the pictures better.

More Biographical Books Worth Noting

- *Dictionary of Manitoba Biography*
  By J. M. Bumsted. University of Manitoba Press, 1999. $24.95 paper.
  An eminent historian's entries, in his usual clear and concise style, will undoubtedly be useful to Manitobans, and to anyone else delving into the province's history.
- *If Ponies Rode Men: The Journeys of Robert Land, 1777–1791*
  By James Elliott. Stoney Creek Historical Society, 1999. $16.95 paper.
  Historical accuracy and creative imagery are combined to recreate the lively story of a loyalist who settled in Hamilton.
- *Conscience and History: A Memoir*
  By Kenneth McNaught. University of Toronto Press, 1999. $30.00 hardcover.
  A Canadian historian's reflections (written just before his death) trace an academic life not always easy, but nonetheless most interesting.
- *The Words on the Wall: Robert Nelson & the Rebellion of 1837*
  By Mary Soderstrom. Oberon Press, 1999. $38.95 hardcover; $19.95 paper.
  The life and rebellious career of an important but somewhat neglected Lower Canadian political figure, many details filled in by the author's vivid imagination.
- *Helen Creighton: Canada's First Lady of Folklore*
  By Clary Croft. Nimbus Publishing, 1999. $19.95 paper.
  A comprehensive chronicle of the life of one who valued and preserved the folk memories of the Maritimes.
- *L.M. Montgomery and Canadian Culture*
  Edited by Irene Gamel and Elizabeth Epperly. University of Toronto Press, 1999. $25.00 hardcover.
  A wide range of contributors attempt to assess just how Canadian was Canada's world-famous author.
- *Pearson: The Unlikely Gladiator*
  Edited by Norman Hillmer. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999. $29.95 hardcover.
  An assessment of Pearson's life and legacy written by politicians, journalists, and academics who knew him – they cover little new ground, but offer much fresh insight.
- *Gentle Eminence: A Life of Cardinal Flahiff*
  By P. Wallace Platt. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999. $34.95 hardcover.
  A carefully researched and entirely laudatory recounting of the life and character of a Canadian who, quite genuinely, was the very model of a modern Catholic cardinal.
- *Chief Justice W.R. Jackett: By the Law of the Land*
  By Richard W. Pound. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999. $39.95 hardcover.
  A comprehensive and essentially complimentary biography of a jurist who left an indelible mark on twentieth-century Canadian law.
- *Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance: The Glorious Impostor*
  By Donald B. Smith. Red Deer Press, 1999, $19.95 paper.
  The tale of an American black (of mixed ancestry) who escaped racism by assuming a false full-blooded Indian identity and becoming a war hero, film star, author, aviator, Indian advocate, and much more. His Canadian connection: he enlisted in our army and fought at Vimy Ridge.
- *Paddling Her Own Canoe: The Times and Texts of E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake)*
  By Veronica Strong-Boag and Carole Gerson. University of Toronto Press, 2000. $65.00 hardcover; $25.95 paper.
  Two self-styled "Euro-Canadian feminist academics" examine the life and especially the works of an extraordinary personality.
- *Colour-Coded: A Legal History of Racism in Canada, 1900–1950*
  By Constance Backhouse. University of Toronto Press, 2000. $60.00 hardcover; $27.50 paper.
  Entirely readable accounts of the court cases of six different Canadians who each suffered from emotionally prejudicial publicity, insensitive police enforcement, and highly coloured rulings by white jurists – a disturbing yet entirely absorbing study.
- *Gentlemen Engineers: The Careers of Frank And Walter Shanly*
  By Richard White. University of Toronto Press, 1999. $50.00 hardcover.
  The life story of two Canadian brothers, independent engineers on major canal and railway projects, who were professionally highly successful, financially troubled, personally inwardly troubled, but outwardly always gentlemen in the best sense.
- *For King & Country: Lieutenant Colonel John By, R.E., Indefatigable Civil-Military Engineer*
  By Mark E. Andrews. Heritage Merrickville Foundation, 1998. (Available from the Friends of the Rideau, 1 Jasper Avenue, Smiths Falls, Ontario, K7A 4B5) $25.00 paper.
  A laudatory sketch of the public career of the man most responsible for building the Rideau Canal, useful also for its chronicle of that costly construction project.

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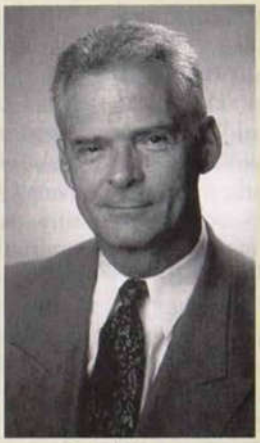

Laird Rankin, executive director of Canada's National History Society and publisher of the *Beaver*, received the Meritorious Service Cross September 15 at a ceremony at La Citadelle in Quebec City in the presence of Her Excellency the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson, Governor General of Canada.

The Meritorious Service Cross (civil division), created in 1991, recognizes deeds or activities performed in an outstanding professional manner or according to an uncommonly high standard that brings considerable benefit or great honour to Canada. Rankin was honoured for his role in the 1996 creation of the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History.

Canada's National History Society

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Governor General's Award Finalists

Canada's National History Society is pleased to announce the selection of the following teachers as finalists in the 2000 Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History competition:

Susan Earles & Susan Anderson, Beach Grove Elementary School, Delta, BC
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David M. Smith, Lindsey Thurber High School, Red Deer, AB
Anne Marie Duguay & Sandra Mitchell, Harry Miller Middle School, Rothesay, NB
Linda Hoffmann, Donalda Messer & Gloria Beecham, Brent Kennedy Elementary School, Crescent Valley, BC
Paul Follett, Lakefield District Secondary School, Lakefield, ON

The finalists will be flown to Ottawa to attend an award ceremony and reception, November 18, hosted by Her Excellency, the Right Honourable Adrienne Clarkson, Governor General of Canada, who will announce the recipient of the award. Finalists will also participate in a roundtable discussion on Canadian history chaired by Her Excellency's husband, John Ralston Saul, a distinguished Canadian writer and philosopher.

The finalists were selected from among the entries received for the 2000 competition by a judging panel of educators: **Thora Bajard**, humanities coordinator, curriculum branch, ministry of education, Victoria; **Richard Blaquière**, social studies teacher, Woodstock High School, Woodstock, New Brunswick; **Yves Frenette**, history professor, Glendon College, York University, Toronto; **Patricia Hanson**, IB program coordinator, Campbell Collegiate, Regina; **Ken Osborne**, professor emeritus, faculty of education, University of Manitoba, Winnipeg; **Jean-Claude Richard**, lecturer, département d'histoire, Université du Québec à Montréal.

The Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History was established in 1995 to recognize the best history teachers in the country. This annual program has been faithfully sponsored by the **Hudson's Bay History Foundation, Bell Canada**, and **Investors Group**, whose support is much appreciated. The Society also acknowledges and thanks the **Wawanesa Mutual Insurance Company** of Winnipeg for its generous contribution to the program this year.

Further information on this year's finalists and recipient will appear in the December 2000/January 2001 issue of the *Beaver*.

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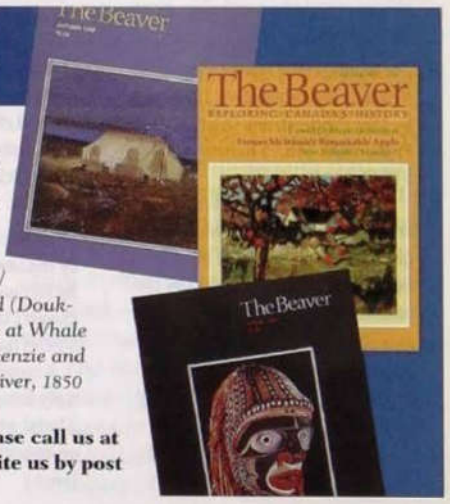

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The Board

At the Society's annual meeting held in Winnipeg in June, **Joe Martin** was reelected to the board of CNHS and subsequently reelected chairman and president of the Society. Martin is executive-in-residence at the University of Toronto's Rotman School of Management.

Marianne Fedori and **Fernand Harvey** were also elected to the board, both for their first terms. Fedori is a public historian in Edmonton and the current president of the Historical Society of Alberta. Harvey is professor and researcher with the Institut national de la recherche scientific in Sainte Foy, Quebec, a teaching and research body that studies and interprets social and cultural change in Quebec society.

Rolph Huband, Paul-André Linteau, and **Desmond Morton**, having completed their maximum terms, have retired from the board.

Giving Our Future a Past

"Giving the Past a Future" was the title of a highly successful conference, cosponsored by Canada's National History Society, on the teaching of history, held in January 1999 under the auspices of the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada. Because many of the participants felt that the dialogue and discussion on history teaching should be continued, a sequel has been planned for Winnipeg, October 19–21, 2001. The Montreal-based Association of Canadian Studies is organizing the conference with the support of a variety of organizations, including the Society. The working title is "Giving our Future a Past."

Although the content of the program is far from finalized, consideration is being given to topics such as the challenges facing those who teach Canadian history, nonconventional or innovative approaches to teaching and learning history, and the powder-keg issue of what a basic knowledge of Canada might entail.

Teachers, students, professionals, and all those involved with promoting knowledge about Canada are invited to participate.

The organizing committee welcomes and encourages submissions of papers as well as proposals for plenary sessions, workshops, and multimedia demonstrations. Please contact:

The Association for Canadian Studies
209 Ste-Catherine St. East, Suite V-5140
Université du Québec à Montréal
Post Office Box 8888, Downtown Station,
Montréal, Quebec H3C 3P8
email:<acs-aec.communications@uqam.ca>

Museum Profile

The Vancouver Museum, Canada's largest civic museum, was founded in 1894 by a small group of visionaries dedicated to preserving the arts, natural history, and unique cultures of the First Nations peoples in our region.

More than one hundred years later, the Vancouver Museum continues to serve as the keeper and interpreter of Vancouver's heritage. Our unique building stands at the entrance of beautiful Vanier Park and is the perfect destination for visitors and locals alike. The views from the museum's orientation gallery are breathtaking. Committed to active learning, the Vancouver Museum boasts a wide range of school and public programs and offers families something new and surprising on every visit.

Current exhibitions at the Vancouver Museum include THIS OTHER EDEN: CANADIAN FOLK ART OUTDOORS, a whimsical collection of whirligigs and garden sculpture that features 134 pieces from the Canadian Museum of Civilization. BACKYARD BIODIVERCITY takes a ladybird's-eye view of the city and offers real solutions for reducing your ecological footprint. PORTRAIT V2K highlights amusing and evocative stories about Vancouver. And discover what life was like in the early 1900s in THE EXPLORATION AND SETTLEMENT OF VANCOUVER.

From its modest beginnings over a century ago, the museum has become the city's premier venue for national and international exhibitions. With its extensive collections in history, natural history, archeology, ethnology, and Asian arts, the museum continues to build bridges between generations, cultures, and philosophies.

Vancouver Museum
1100 Chestnut Street, Vancouver,
British Columbia V6J 3J9
For information call:
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Fax: (604) 736-5417
Website: <www.vanmuseum.bc.ca>

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- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

William Gairdner Meets the Founders

"In a way, publishing your own founding debates is a profoundly conservative act," says William D. Gairdner. "It says we have a history, we have a tradition, and it asks how we are to live as a society if our citizens have no idea of all this."

Some years ago, when I was writing about Canada's confederation, I was surprised to find how difficult it was to sit down with those "founding debates." Most of the fundamental deliberations of the confederation-makers in the 1860s have never been edited or published.

So recently I was surprised and pleased to discover *Canada's Founding Debates*, a handsome new book that delivers pretty much what I had wanted: a selection of what Canada's leaders and representatives were thinking and saying in the 1860s – about democracy, about federalism, about language and rights, and all the great issues that bedevil us still.

For a collection of old political speeches, *Canada's Founding Debates* is a pretty wonderful book. It's handsomely designed, with interesting illustrations and intriguing marginal notes scattered throughout. It presents the debate not only in the four founding provinces, but in Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, which rejected confederation in 1867, and also in British Columbia and Manitoba, which took up the question of joining some years later. It gives anticonfederates equal time with its advocates. It's divided into themes ("What They Said about Liberty", "What They Said about Nationality", "How to Make Constitutions") that demonstrate the founders of Canada really were engaging the great classic issues of how a people should govern themselves.

"I went into a bookstore, and ... asked what they had about the documents of the founding of this country, and they had nothing. So I decided simply to try to make the words of the founding fathers available to Canadians."

William Douglas Gairdner

Canada's Founding Debates also comes equipped with an elaborate set of notes, in which four historians and philosophers reflect and elaborate on the ideas of the 1860s. They call this "a conversation with the founders" – though the signed comments show the four editors debating with each other almost as vigorously as with their nineteenth-century predecessors.

Perhaps most surprising, this is not a scholarly book project. It comes from a commercial publisher, Stoddart, with support from a private foundation, and it seeks a mostly nonacademic audience. William Gairdner, who launched the project, was briefly an English professor years ago, but he went into the family business in the 1970s. He began writing seriously only when he sold the business and became semiretired. In the 1990s, his book *The War Against the Family* and other controversial bestsellers probed the extremes of far-right analysis (daycare causes homosexuality, AIDS is just a lifestyle choice, Trudeau masterminded a socialist conspiracy, and so on).

On constitutional matters, Gairdner gave lip service to the wisdom of our ancestors. But in *The Trouble with Canada* and *Constitutional Crack-Up*, he generally advocated junking Canadian political and constitutional traditions in favour of radical populism and a constitution something like Switzerland's – that country of flight capital, closed borders, and gnomic disregard for the world beyond investment banking. What got William Gairdner considering the wisdom of the founders?

A few years ago, he says, while thinking about the philosophical roots of democracy, he asked a friend what the Canadian founders might have had to say. The friend, historian Ian Gentles (who would become a coeditor of *Canada's Founding Debates*) lent him

an old book containing the only part of the debates on confederation that had ever been published – and warned him it would be dull reading.

"So it sat there for about three months," recalls Gairdner, "and then one day I opened it, and I came across a debate that was stirring and interesting, a discussion comparing democracy under the British monarchy and under the American republic. ... And I flipped to another page, and I found another interesting discussion. I could see the ghosts of John Locke and Edmund Burke and Rousseau. I was impressed by the quality of the thought and the argument."

Suddenly Gairdner found himself irritated by the invisibility of these materials. "I went into a bookstore, and of course they had the Federalist Papers from the United States, and books about them. I asked what they had about the documents of the founding of this country, and they had nothing. So I decided simply to try to make the words of the founding fathers available to Canadians."

Rather than propping up a particular political message, Gairdner says, "I like to think it is like the Protestant move, it's like printing the Bible. It allows citizens to use their own light upon it." He wanted the book to offer a whole range of responses. "Paul [Romney, another contributor, whose notes suggest views that run well to the left of Gairdner's] and I, for instance, don't agree about what we draw from these debates. And I think that is good for the book."

Indeed, *Canada's Founding Debates* does open up new ideas. One proof may be the impact that it has been having on William Gairdner.

Today, most constitutional proposals, particularly from conservative parties and commentators, take for granted that "direct" democracy – referendums, initiatives, recall votes, extraparliamentary selection of party leaders, and so on – must be superior to merely representative democracy in boring, elitist old legislatures.

But Janet Ajzenstat of McMaster University, who was recruited by Gairdner to be principal editor of the book, is skeptical of the vaunted claims of direct democracy. She was "elated" to discover "the extent of the debate on constitution-making in British Columbia, in Nova Scotia, in the Canadian debates. There is a really hard slam against direct democracy there, a principled defence of representative democracy."

It seems to have been working on Bill Gairdner. His earlier books had endorsed populist demands, even suggesting the prime minister should not appoint a new cabinet minister without a binding referendum. Gairdner still thinks there may be a place for referendums. "But, with the sense of the value of representative institutions that the founders express so well, I think that many of these things have actually traditionally been radical positions. They are not commitments that conservative-minded people would favour in ordinary times.

"They were far more sophisticated about the Senate debate than we have been today. Before, I guess you could have talked me into supporting an elected Senate. But I think the people of the 1860s understood very well the question of what happens to the legitimacy of a representative parliament if you have two equal representative houses. ... I would not support an elected Senate now." Powerful stuff, evidently, these forgotten debates!

Gairdner has been rather disappointed in the lack of response to *Canada's Founding Debates*. But he hopes to see a special distribution to schools, and he is working toward a French-language edition with francophone commentaries. (Laval University's Guy Laforest, who may contribute, regrets that the project was not an English-French collaboration from the start, but he is eager to explore the harmony he finds between the thought of the founders and the ideas of the Meech Lake Accord.)

Who knows, maybe some scholars and a university press will be inspired to prepare a full-scale *Confederation Papers*, with pamphlet literature, newspaper accounts, and the proceedings of the confederation conferences as well as these parliamentary debates. In the meantime, there is lots here for thoughtful Canadians to chew on.

***Canada's Founding Debates*, edited by Janet Ajzenstat, Paul Romney, Ian Gentles, and William Gairdner, was published by Stoddart in late 1999.**

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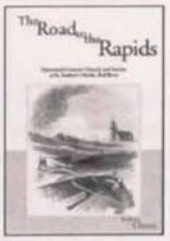

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Album

Len Van Roon (straw hat), who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, lives in retirement in Winnipeg. "P.S.," he writes, "the three of us made it home." In civvy street, he went on to poultry farming, then worked for the City of Winnipeg's recreation department. Unfortunately, he lost touch with fellow gunners John Dunn (teddy bear) and Roy Stevens (bottle). But he still has the ten-shilling Brownie that took this picture.

Propped Up Spring 1945 and Allied troops have penetrated well into Germany. The Second World War is nearly – mercifully – over. Two years earlier, in London, twenty-two-year old Len Van Roon, a gunner with the 19th Field Regiment, Royal Canadian Artillery, buys a used No. 2 Folding Autographic Brownie camera for ten shillings. Though film is virtually nonexistent, the odd roll occasionally arrives in a parcel from home.

There are many occasions for taking pictures. Van Roon arrives, with camera, on the shores of Normandy on D-Day, 1944 – an occasion if ever there was one – but there is little time for photography. War is rugged and all consuming. But on this spring day a year later, when the tank corps opens up a house in Friesoythe, a small town in northwestern Germany, and Van Roon's regiment decides to use it as a command post, a photo op (as they say today) suddenly presents itself. Van Roon snatches his camera from the floor of the Sherman tank, then he and two fellow gunners pile through the opening into the house. You can imagine their exhilaration on a day in a war they've already won. A straw hat, a teddy bear, a bottle – detritus of a life abandoned by some German family – become props. The camera is fixed on a rickety tripod. They pose, they wait. And here they are – three young men forever in the middle of the time of their lives.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478 – 167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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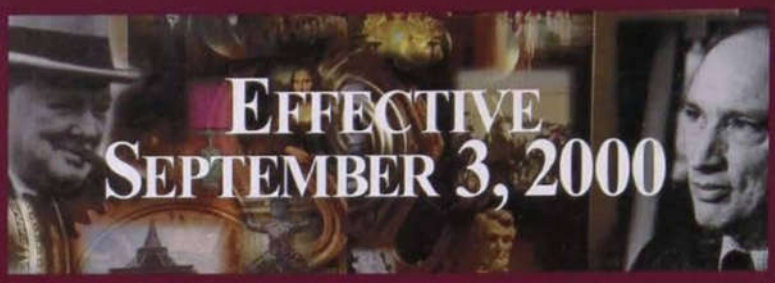

EASTERN	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
7:00 AM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY					CROWN AND COUNTRY	GREAT TRAIN STORIES
7:30 AM						CROWN AND COUNTRY	
8:00 AM	THE CAMPBELLS					SENSE OF HISTORY	SENSE OF HISTORY
8:30 AM	A SCATTERING OF SEEDS					ORIGINS	ORIGINS
9:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					CANADIAN HISTORY	THE 20TH CENTURY
9:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
10:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
10:30 AM	HISTORYLANDS						
11:00 AM	COMBAT					ANCIENT HISTORY	HISTORY OF WAR
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY						
12:30 PM							
1:00 PM	HISTORY ON FILM					DOCUMENTARIES	DOCUMENTARIES
1:30 PM							
2:00 PM						WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM							
3:30 PM	SPIES						
4:00 PM	DESTINATION: HISTORY						
4:30 PM							
5:00 PM	COMBAT					WORLD'S BEST MINI-SERIES	TREASURE SEEKERS
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						BATTLE STRIPES
6:30 PM	TRUE ACTION ADVENTURES						BATTLE STRIPES
7:00 PM	A SCATTERING OF SEEDS					GREAT TRAIN STORIES	TREASURE SEEKERS
7:30 PM	HISTORYLANDS						
8:00 PM	TURNING POINTS OF HISTORY					CROWN AND COUNTRY	DOCUMENTARIES
8:30 PM						CROWN AND COUNTRY	
9:00 PM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
9:30 PM							
10:00 PM							
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	TOUR OF DUTY						
11:30 PM							
12:00 AM	20TH CENTURY MONDAYS	ANCIENT HISTORY TUESDAYS	CANADIAN HISTORY WEDNESDAYS	HISTORY OF WAR THURSDAYS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM
12:30 AM							
1:00 AM							
1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	TOUR OF DUTY						
2:30 AM							
3:00 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT					CROWN AND COUNTRY	BATTLE STRIPES
3:30 AM						CROWN AND COUNTRY	BATTLE STRIPES
4:00 AM	TRUE ACTION ADVENTURES					WESTERN MOVIE	DOCUMENTARIES
4:30 AM	SPIES						
5:00 AM	COMBAT						SENSE OF HISTORY
5:30 AM							ORIGINS
6:00 AM	A CENTURY OF CONFLICT						CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							

Program changes may occur.